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RUKSHAAN FARAMARZI

Born in Bombay, November 24, 1960. Schooled at the Nazareth Convent, Ootacamund. Took part in several school drama and elocution competitions. At present, a F.Y.J.C. student at the Sophia College, Bombay. Has a natural talent for dancing, and has acted on stage in a number of plays directed by Bombay's Adi Marzban. Acting is her passion and she wants to learn as much as she can in the field of stage acting.

Photographs: Farokh Reporter

VOL. XXXIII NO. 22 BOMBAY

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AN EYE FOR AN EYE

With Bhutto's hanging, the executions in Iran and, closer to home, the death sentence handed down to the infamous Billa and Ranga, the spectre of the death penalty is once more with us. What are the merits of this form of punishment? Is it really a deterrent to crime? An analysis.
Page 13.

Who is for capital punishment? Why not?
Page 14.

WINNING PHOTOGRAPHS

The results of our photography competition for adults on the theme, 'The Child of Today', with the focus on the disadvantaged child.
Page 37.

CONSTRUCTIVE COOPERATION

Bombay's Annapoorna Mahila Mandal is an example of what can be done when a group of women put their creative, cooperative and organizational abilities together.
Page 39.

TRANSFERRED !

The effect of transfers on the spouse's career is not much discussed but of great importance.
A transfer might bring a much-awaited promotion for the husband but what does it do to the wife's professional life?
Page 17.

ALSO

Do-it-yourself : A detailed guide to accessories you can make for yourself — **Page 21** Film Interview : Yogita Bali — **Page 25** IYC Feature : The child's right to adequate nutrition — **Page 26** How the Rich Live : Continuing our feature on the ten richest women in the world — **Page 47.**

REGULAR FEATURES :

Your Page/**9**, Readers' Voice/**11**, Beauty/**23**, Fashion/**28**, Short Story/**30**, Cookery/**33**, Comics/**36**, News Bulletin/**38**, Young Viewpoint/**42**, True Confession/**44**, Frankly Speaking/**51**, People and Events/**52**, Horoscope/**54**.

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YOUR PAGE

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1st PRIZE

TWO TO ONE!

Even today young college-going girls in the towns of Kerala are scared of going alone on their bicycles for fear of the Roadside Romeos. I suppose people in the villages simply cannot accept anything that looks strange to them and so insist on teasing and hooting. As a teenager, thirty years ago, in a village in Kerala, I used to be subjected to a daily dose of relentless teasing by the boys in my school. My 'crime' was that I used to do my hair in two plaits instead of the traditional single! All the boys would wait at the gates every morning to give me a royal welcome of hoots and loud laughter, passing remarks at my two plaits. Even one of the masters would find some reason to ridicule me in front of the whole class and then enjoy the laughter at my expense.

But I was determined not to bow down and accept defeat by switching over to one plait as another girl had been forced to do earlier, in the same school. I had a tough time fighting back my tears and keeping a stiff upper lip in the face of this tirade. I would ignore them totally. My parents gave me full support and encouraged me to be patient and brave and to refuse to be disturbed by the jeering crowds.

Finally after a couple of months the uproar died down and they had to accept me, two plaits et al!

PARVATI V. MENON, Madras

Good for you! And if you fought your own little battle thirty years ago, there is no reason why young women today shouldn't be able to stand up to all the eve teasing and other harassments they are subjected to.

2nd PRIZE

CROSS PURPOSES

Family Planning has always had anything but smooth sailing in a tradition-bound country like ours. As ill-luck would have it, it was either played up too much, thus antagonising the people or played too low, whereby the message was completely lost on them. Either way it was a total failure. To complicate matters further, the stands taken by the heads of various religious sects are not helpful. The Pope s announcement that he is against abortion is sure to veer the scales against Family Planning among the Christians, whose attitude was thawing. Under the Muslim Law, a man can have four wives and have children through them The Hindu gurus are, therefore, perturbed and they are holding forth that since other religious sects like Christians and Muslims are not practising Family Planning, the Hindus also should eschew it, as otherwise a time may come when they will be far outnumbered by other communities and will shrink into a minority. All these conflicting attitudes nullify the measures undertaken in this regard. The urgency and necessity of Family Planning cannot be over-emphasised in our country, which is fast approaching the population explosion point.

It is most bewildering the way everyone works at cross purposes with so much at stake. Let everyone big and small rise above the petty confines of caste. community and creed and stand as one in this great common cause, which will benefit humanity at large and this country, in particular.

MISS E. DHAMAYANTHY DEVASUNDARAM, Madras

There is this queer notion that foreign powers are aiding and abetting the F. P. programme to keep India a thinly-populated country. Now, this seems to have snowballed into a communal issue with the result that babies will proliferate. The "good" of a community appears to take precedence over the good of a nation.

3rd PRIZE

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS

For non-Calcuttans it may be hard to believe that there is no electricity during the major part of the day (8 hours) and for at least 3 hours at night, in Calcutta. This results in severe heat and humidity, even while relaxing (!) at home, also in small and major thefts on open roads. But that is the darker side of load-shedding. Now let us look at the brighter side of things.

Fat ladies and obese gentlemen can shed their own load by constantly ascending and descending the multistoried buildings, as the lifts do not function; couples living alone can have nice, cozy, candle-light dinners; the evening hours that were wasted on reading the newspaper (by the husband) and sewing (by the wife) can be spent on meaningful conversation and getting to know each other better; since the children cannot watch television anymore, they will spend more time with their parents; the "unwashed look" will come into vogue, as the pumps are not functioning; finally the city children will learn what village life is all about, without having to refer to books.

MRS. RITA BOSE, Calcutta

Nice to have a sense of humour to bolster you through difficult times. There's always a silver lining, isn't there? Alas, not many people count their blessings, when things seem to go wrong.

THE MISSIONARIES

Protests against the Freedom of Religion bill, have brought Christian missionaries into sharp focus — there has been unprecedented appraisal of their activities. There well might be the odd missionary who has exploited his position and taken undue advantage of the unread, but such instances cannot be many — not in this day and age. Is it fair, because of occasional misdemeanour on the part of some, that we should indulge in venomous outbursts and liberal mud-slinging against the others? I am surprised that we ignore the fact that they have put in a lot of hard work and have achieved remarkable results in many fields in our country.

We clamour for admissions to Christian missionary schools and applaud their high standards of education and discipline. We appreciate the remarkable standards maintained in their hospitals and their unfainng dedication to the care and nursing of the ill. We cannot help but admire their commitment to causes like the care of the aged and the disabled, the running of orphanages and sanitoria etc. We know that few of us can, or will, dedicate ourselves with unwavering steadfastness to such causes. Let us not narrow our vision to such an extent that we see only the bad: a dog-in-the-manger attitude can do us no good, we must widen our range of vision to take all facts in their correct perspective.

DAPHNE KHAN, Hyderabad

While we agree that forced conversions cannot be condoned, we do wonder how many of these really take place. "Force" is a relative term and capable of being twisted to suit various purposes.The Christian missionaries, with their motto of service, have done much good in this country.

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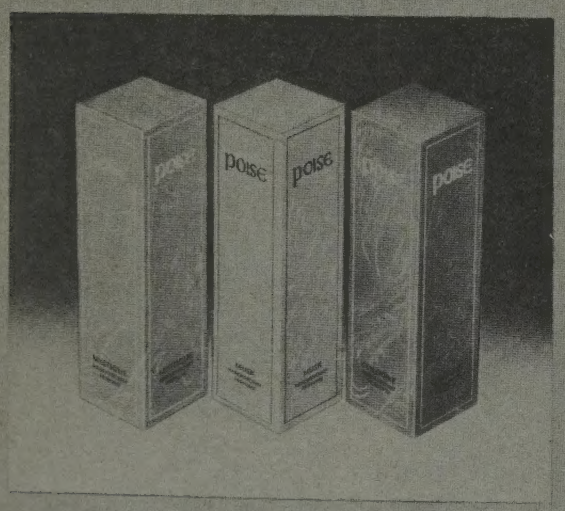

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- **Why do waters rise?**
What causes floods; what can be done about them.
- **Saved by a UFO!**
The pilot was heading for disaster, a UFO saved him.
- **'I pulled a handcart to become a doctor.'**
A first person account of a poor young man's struggles to acquire a medical degree.
- **How sacred was the Vedic cow?**
—R.T. Shahani.
- **Are you shy?**
Here's what you can do about it.

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READERS' VOICE

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

MOTHERS-IN-LAW

Your article, 'The Mother-in-law Syndrome' (March 31) made interesting reading. The article mentions that "social, cultural, educational and economic equality" helps to mitigate the differences normally existing in a mother-in-law/daughter-in-law relationship. My experience has been somewhat different.

I am a Punjabi married to the only son of affluent South Indian parents. The opposition to my marriage was intense and I was made to undergo considerable mental agony. What amuses me is how people misuse the term 'orthodoxy'. My in-laws are educated, they go abroad once a year, their clothes are up-to-date and they belong to the 'upper' strata of society. Educationally, economically, socially and culturally they lack nothing and yet they have been unable to accept the inevitable and have cut off all connections with us.

I was told by my father-in-law that they (the entire family) harbour a deep hatred towards Punjabis. Isn't that being rather unfair to me? I may be a representative of the Punjabi community but first and foremost I am an individual in my own right — not someone to be cast into a convenient mould by others to suit their purpose.

What hurts, however, is not their attitude towards me but that towards their only son. For me it is my in-laws who have let me down but for him it is his own people who have let him down. Such parents love their children only so long as their whims and fancies are adhered to — in other words, their love has numerous strings attached to it. One wonders, is this the price one has to pay for choosing one's life partner in a free country? In the sphere of so-called orthodox families however, the question of freedom does not arise. It's dictatorship all the way. . .

NIRUPAMA NATARAJAN, Calcutta

THE WORKING WOMAN'S DILEMMA

I read the article, 'Behind the Five-Star Smile', in the April 14 issue of Eve's Weekly. Kudos to those women executives who have reached such high positions in a male-dominated society. But will the women executives be able to devote as much time and attention to their own homes? We have known of executive husbands not having sufficient time to devote to their family. Is it any different for a woman executive? In fact, everyone turns to the lady of the house for every little thing. It is easy to talk of equal opportunities, having a successful career, etc., but when one has to face the hard realities of life, one is left to wonder — particularly in a society where women careers are not viewed at the same level as the careers of men. At the same time, most of us are for working women to be given equal opportunities to climb up in the career ladder so that their talents are not wasted. Besides, the extra money brings in extra comforts. We find ourselves in a real dilemma and we will be lucky if someone can come up with a solution to it.

JYOTHI RAMAN, Ahmedabad

RUSHING INTO MATRIMONY

Jyotsana Kapoor's interview with Ms. Pollachek (April 21) in your "Passing Through" column was very interesting. It goes to prove that to opt for spinsterhood requires a mere mental manipulation. It is just the feeling of being pushed into a corner, of having no option, that makes an Indian woman rush into matrimony at any cost. If she is financially independent and makes marriage and family optional, then she can face the future with her head held high. But, as Ms. Pollachek said, it will be a long time for things to change here in India. . . for women to think on psychologically different lines.

NALINI MAHABALAM

NEXT WEEK

ISSUE OF JUNE 9, 1979

GENERALIZING ABOUT HUMAN BEINGS

As far back as 1965, the Education Commission had clearly laid down that our textbooks should be free from sexist bias. Since the production of textbooks in India is state-controlled, it should be easy enough to see that this policy is carried out — provided there is a will. A recent study of sexism in the language of school text-books indicates there isn't.

MIRACLE CURE OR FAITH HEALING?

A homeopathic practitioner in Bombay claims to cure a variety of ills using none of the conventional methods. An investigation.

NURSERY RHYMES : NO CHILD'S PLAY

Many of the popular English nursery rhymes have had interesting origins, often highly political. A new insight into old favourites.

ALSO

Decor ideas : Elegant French furniture
Step-by-step Cookery : A cool salad for summer.

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Kissan orange squash wins the gold medal at Le Monde Selections 1978, Geneva.

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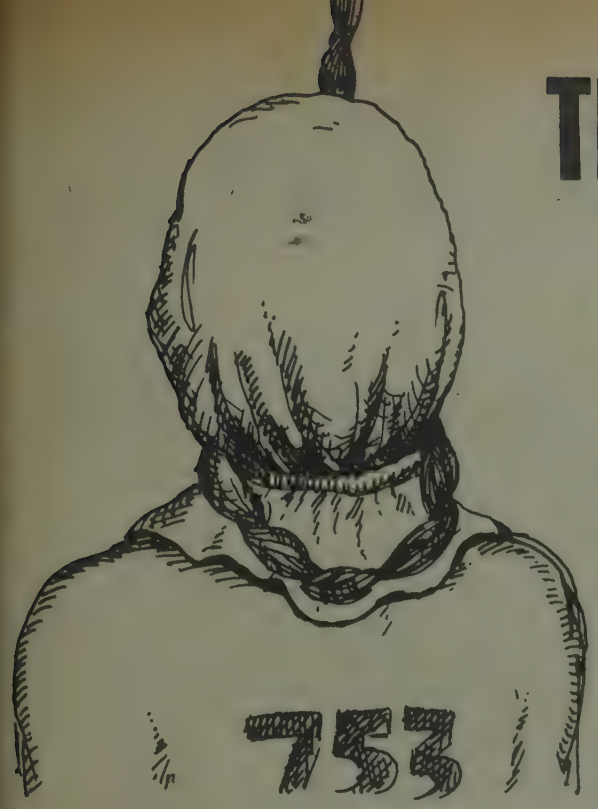


THE DEATH PENALTY: emotion vs reason

Malti Singh

WITH THE RECENT RASH OF POLITICAL EXECUTIONS AND HANGINGS FOR MURDER, CAPITAL PUNISHMENT HAS BECOME A LIVE ISSUE AGAIN

Recently attention has been focussed on the question of capital punishment because of the hanging of former Prime Minister of Pakistan, Mr. Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, and because of the continuing wave of executions in Iran. This surfeit of killing in Iran, as well as in South Africa, Rhodesia and elsewhere, has created a revulsion against judicial murders. Unfortunately, this is not a permanent condition. One brutal, senseless murder like that of the Chopra children in Delhi in August 1978, and there is an upsurage of feeling in favour of the death penalty. So, though public opinion blows hot and cold on this question, basically it is for the retention of the death sentence.

To some extent, it may be that there is an unquestioning acceptance of this punishment; it is an integral part of our cultural values with which we have grown up. This is not to say that those who favour capital punishment do not have reasons for their stand. The most oft-repeated argument is that it is a deterrent. It is considered a panacea for the rising crime rate.

DETERRENCE NOT PROVEN

In the third world countries where there is widespread, abject poverty, it is felt that the fear of execution is a greater deterrent than the threat of imprisonment because for the very poor, prison conditions are often better than in their own homes. The Indian Law Commission in its 35th report came to the conclusion that the risks involved in abolishing the death penalty were too great to be undertaken at the present juncture bearing in mind the problems because of the size of the country and its population, as well as the diversity and disparity of its people.

However, the deterrent value of capital punishment is not at all a proven fact. The United Nations Secretary-General, in his report of February 1975 to ECOSOC stated: "The focus in the UN reports on capital punishment of 1962 and 1967 was on the deterrent effect of the dea. penalty. The conclusion of these reports was that no significant differences between the rates of capital offences could be found before and after the abolition of the death penalty in abolitionist countries. They also indicated that, in general, no significant differences could be found in the rate of capital offences in countries with capital punishment and those in countries without it."

NO INCREASE IN CRIME RATE

In our own experience, it was found that in the erstwhile state of Travancore-Cochin, the crime rate went down when capital punishment was abolished; when it was reintroduced the crime rate remained the same.

Studies of crime show that fear of excution plays an insignificant part in the mind of the murderer, especially if the crime is committed in passion, or out of conviction (as in the case of terrorists), or by a mentally deranged person. The one who commits a pre-planned murder, cold-bloodedly, does not expect to be caught and, in order to prevent being arrested will, if necessary, commit further murders. Therefore,in the latter case, the death penalty becomes counter-productive.

It is the **certainty** of punishment that may be considered a deterrent, not its **severity.** The death sentence is a harsh and barbaric act which kills the punished, sears the soul of the punisher and of society in general which condones it. As Krishnamurthy, the philosopher-poet, says: "If I am brutal and you use brutal methods to overcome me, then you become brutal like me."

Andrei Sakharov, the physicist and well-known human rights' advocate in Russia, in a message to Amnesty International's conference on the Abolition of the Death Penalty held in Stockholm in December 1977, wrote: "I reject the notion that the death penalty has any essential deterrent effect on potential offenders. I am convinced that the contrary is true that savagery begets only savagery."

It can also be said that since death comes to everyone, it has less "leverage" as a deterrent than some of the other horrible punishments which were common in the past and which are still being practised in some Islamic countries.

If one accepts that capital punishment has no deterrent effect, is it a "just" form of punishment? We as individuals, react with anger when a heinous crime is committed. We desire retribution. We demand the killer forfeit his life. These are normal, human, instinctive responses, and are understandable. But should the State react emotionally, and deliberately take another human being's life, especially when this may be many years later? Dostoyevsky wrote that "Murder by legal sentence is immeasurably more terrible than murder by brigands."

Further, it must be remembered that executing the murderer does not bring back the one who was killed. Nor does it prevent other killings.

Perhaps, the most callous acceptance of the death penalty is what Mr. Tibamanya mwene Mushanga of the University of Nairobi describes as neither punishment nor deterrent, "but an act of removal of an undesirable person, especially in the interpersonal kinds of violent crimes." This attitude, prevalent all over, does no credit to us and shows the paucity of our thinking.

MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE

No doubt, it is because of this lack of feeling towards our fellow-men that the retentionists do not get overly upset about another flaw inherent in capital punishment: the danger of miscarriage of justice. What if the wrong person is hanged? A person wrongfully confined in jail can be released if he is found innocent later; but a man hanged cannot be restored to life and there is no way to right this mistake. The death penalty is irrevocable. Its finality ceases to make it a punishment. The dead do not suffer, do not feel.

The inequality and discrimination in the awarding of the death sentence is another matter of concern. The poor man who cannot afford costly legal services is given the harshest punishment while he who can afford skilled legal counsel is let off with a lighter sentence.

Continued on page 51

"NO" TO THE

Bharat Savur

TO HANG OR NOT TO HANG? IS THE DEATH PENALTY A RELIC OF BARBARISM OR A NECESSARY PROTECTION FOR SOCIETY?

From Amnesty International's opposition to the death penalty under any and all circumstances, to hawks of the noose like Mr. Nayan Pradhan who believes that "the murderer should be given the shortest possible rope to hang himself" and recommends that "mass murderers like hoarders and adulterators of vital medicines, drugs and foodstuffs should be hanged", the writer came across views and issues larger than the death of an individual, while interviewing and doing research on the subject of capital punishment.

Is the aim of the law reformation or retribution? Is capital punishment a deterrent? Do law and justice correlate always in direct proportion? Are all men, even in democratic societies, equal before the law? Or is the system loaded in favour of the rich, the haves, the landlords, against their opposite numbers? Are politicians under the same laws of the land as you and I? Or can they literally get away with murder since any action taken against them may smack of alleged 'political vindictiveness'? And finally to quote the banner that Nana Chudasama had put up after Bhutto had been executed, "HANGED. INDIVIDUAL OR NATION?"

These were some of the counter questions put to my query, "Are you in favour of capital punishment?"

U.K. UNDECIDED

Six West European countries (Switzerland, Belgium, Norway, Denmark, Sweden and the Netherlands) have totally abolished the death penalty. The Royal Commission set up by the British Government to study the situation in these abolitionist countries concluded that "those released murderers who commit further crimes are rare, and those who became useful citizens are common." Yet, the proposal to abolish capital punishment is still hanging fire in the U.K.

The Soviet Union which said "Nyet" to the noose in 1947, has brought in the death penalty in the case of premeditated murders. The U.S.A., after a few years' freeze on the ultimate penalty, has gone back to the electric chair for some cases. Israel recently reversed a long-standing policy and enlarged the law to cover terrorists. West Germany is poised to bring back the death penalty. In India itself, the "trap-door of death" is seldom opened, and the hangman is largely unemployed.

In an editorial on the subject ("Indian Express" dated 21-4-1979), Nayantara Sahgal wrote, "...In a society such as ours, where human life is not greatly prized, especially if it is lowborn in the social scale, and underprivilged, murder even goes unnoticed. The powerful and influential, in towns and villages, are too often in collusion with the police. Even if a murderer is convicted and sentenced for life, it is not for a lifetime. He is at large again, a terror to the innocent. Society may well have produced the sick conditions that make a human being a murderer, but it has to take the responsibility for stemming the rot, and for protecting the innocent. Our priority should be to establish channels of justice, where justice is done, where the murderer regardless of his caste, his standing in the community, or his usefulness to the local politician, pays for his crime. Societies that are far more advanced and better organized than ours may be in a position to keep the murderer who may be criminally insane in jail or a sanatorium for life, and eventually fit him for the company of his fellow men, but in our circumstances where resources are already stretched to capacity and where the innocent find justice beyond their means, and often beyond hope of reach, if vested interests are ganged against them, we certainly cannot afford to be sanctimonious about the death penalty. Our first concern should be the innocent in the crowded bustees and the rural areas and that hapless population of migrant workers which nearly all cities possess, exploit and disown..."

MISPLACED MERCY

Mr. Justice C.S. Dharmadhikari and Mr. Justice V.S. Kotwal stated that "misplaced mercy is a miscarriage of mercy and hence a miscarriage of justice", while upholding the decision of the trial court in the case of what has now become famous as the "Abhyankar murders", where four educated, middle-class, urban youth — Rajendra Yallappa Jakkal, Dilip Dnyanoba Sutar, Shantaram Kanhoji Jagtap and Hunwar Harun Sha, aged 27, 23, 24 and 25, killed in cold blood ten people mostly aged or very young, not for personal vendetta but for 'Money thirst'. The concluding speech and upholding of the sentence for death by the two honourable justices, while too long to reproduce here, is a classic and a must for all those interested in the subject.

Nirmala Gopalkrishnan, a social worker, is a dove on the subject. She holds that most murders in this country are committed due to sudden flare-ups, economic disparities and because some of the poor have neither the time, the money, nor of course the faith to have recourse to the law. She contends that capital punishment is no deterrent to the potential murderer, for the simple reason that a man murders because he feels he can get away with the "perfect crime". — A situation that exists not merely in books of fiction but in police records the world over.

"Is it not a crime when 75 per cent of our people are below the subsistence level? Law and justice are not always synonymous. The poor in India have no credibility. The judge himself may not always be scrupulously honest. Would Nanavati have received a Presidential pardon if he were a poor man instead of a respected naval officer?"

Marie Baskaran

RETRIBUTIVE ASPECT

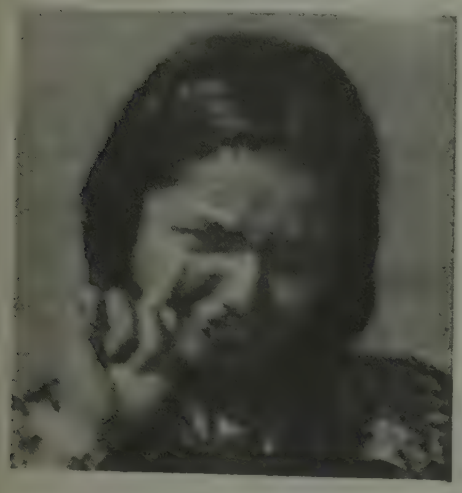
The cliche — tall, fair and good-looking — jumps to mind as one meets Marie Baskaran who works as the editorial assistant in the Public Relations department of a leading engineering company. Though a genuine liberal and pacifist, she would not like capital punishment entirely done away with. "Justice should not only be done, it should be seen to be done," she asserted, commenting on some cases in the U.S.A. where a murderer undergoing a life-sentence

NOOSE ?

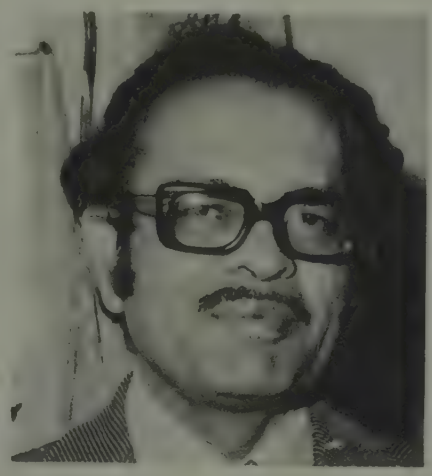
is let off in as few as seven years for exemplary good behaviour. In general, Marie is against capital punishment except in the case of calculated, cold-blooded and premeditated murders like the Abhyankar murders ("They held the whole of Pune to ransom"). She also condemned the hanging of Bhutto because, "His guilt was not proven beyond reasonable doubt and the independence of the judiciary itself is debatable." She disapproved of the mass executions in Iran. "I don't approve of Revolutionary courts — they only escalate violence. The concept of summary trials, and mass and public executions is repugnant."

The dacoits (who surrendered to Jayaprakash Narayan in 1973) prove my point as to how even the worst kind of mass murderers can be reformed and taught to lead useful lives." In short, Mrs. A.G. is against capital punishment in principle and in practice.

Jaya P., a journalist, though against capital punishment in principle, justifies the recent executions in Iran on the grounds that "the Shah regime had murdered, tortured and brutally repressed the people of Iran for years. An anti-people regime must account for its crimes against the populace." On the other hand, Jaya is against the "political murder of Bhutto."



Mohana Yethiraj



Nana Chudasama

Mohanna Yethiraj, a final-year student in Bombay's Institute of Science, also came out strongly on "the execesses of the Revolution in Iran", while "Bhutto deserved to be hanged... capital punishment works as a deterrent to potential criminals, but due care should be taken by the police and the law courts to make sure that innocent men are not condemned to death."

Mrs. A. Gandhi, a lecturer, believes that in India, the em-

REFORMATIVE THEORY

phasis of the law is more on retribution than on reformation. "Exceptions are very rarely made.

Mr. Ramesh Rawell, an advocate of the Bombay High Court and legal adviser to some leading companies, holds that the retributive aspect of the death penalty, which by its mere presence acts as a deterrent to the would-be criminal, should not be lost in the zeal of the liberals and social workers to make the law more reformative. "Who is to blame if a released murderer kills again? The murderer himself, or the social worker who pleaded on his behalf for clemency?

"The reformative theory gives too much importance to the criminal as a reforming element and is no deterrrent either to the criminal concerned, or the potential murderer. Given an efficient penal system, crime will be too poor a bargain to commend itself save in exceptional circumstances to all except the few

who lack self-control, intelligence, prudence and the moral sentiments of a normal person."

In short, Mr. R. R. Rawell is all for giving more teeth to the penal code so that the police force and the judiciary can work effectively and bring the guilty to book. Ideally, the penal code should be both reformative and retributive, and the judge should decide the case by the nature of the crime, the nature of the person and the circumstances involved wherein the actual crime was perpetuated.

About Bhutto's execution and the executions in Iran, he said, "If the Supreme Court in Pakistan was impartial, and we have to assume this was so, the capital punishment was justly awarded. The executions in Iran are not justifiable as the legal process was not strictly adhered to."

The dynamic World President of Giants International, Mr. Nana Chudasama, disagrees. "Capital punishment is one-sided. It should be done away with, as it does not work as a deterrent. All efforts should be made to cure and reform the criminal. It is time for an open forum on this issue, and time to have another look at the entire judicial and penal code system in India. What chance does a poor common criminal have with a Government appointed pleader to argue his case? Justice delayed or unafforded is justice denied. Only one or two deserve the death sentence. It is not fair that because of such few extreme cases, capital punishment should continue to exist in our statute books.

"...Though Bhutto had no love for India, I maintain that his is the best example where capital punishment should not have been used."

The articulate Mr. J. A. Kagal, who markets soft wear computer programmes for a computer consultancy firm, said that the sentence of death should be awarded only in the case of dastardly and premeditated murders. "Bhagat Singh, though a patriot, was hanged by the British because under their laws he was a murderer. Godse, though he argued that he killed the Father of the Nation not because 'he loved Gandhi less, but because he loved India more' was also sent to the gallows. War criminals and mass murderers of thousands of Jews like Eichmann were sentenced to the gas chamber by the Israelis. In each case the legal system that tried the case found them guilty of murder and gave them the ultimate sentence of death. How would the world in general and the Jews in particular react if Eichmann for example, were let off without 'paying his debt to society'?

"Whether it be be Bhutto or Billa, I am all for the principal of everyone being equal before the law of the land, and the time-tested principle of a tooth for a tooth."

And finally, as Mani, a construction worker, asked, "Is society that condemns its poor to death by starvation less guilty than Billa and Ranga?"

The question is outside the laws of the land, perhaps outside the scope of this article, but one last question, Can the system of law prevail in conditions of social injustice?

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LOW PRIORITY FOR WIFE'S CAREER?

Amita Sarval

WHEN A WIFE HAS A CAREER OF HER OWN, WHAT HAPPENS TO IT IF HER HUSBAND'S JOB INVOLVES FREQUENT TRANSFERS?

How does a family like to be shunted around — from pillar to post — just because the husband's job involves frequent transfers? Is this change of scene beneficial or is it unsettling? Even in normal circumstances, accommodation, admission to schools, and servants are three of the major problems that most families face today — and it must be much worse when one has just about settled in and marching orders come.

But the picture is not so grim in all cases — there are many commercial houses, banks and other organisations which really "pamper us when we have to move — at times it becomes more of a holiday on the house," said an oft transferred wife.

But what about another very important aspect of it — the woman's career? An intelligent, educated woman, the kind found in practically every sphere, from management consultancy to nuclear physics and from interior decoration to engineering — what happens to her profession, when it's time for a move to new pastures? Is it given due thought and consideration? Or just shelved, marked "low priority"?

To provide an in-depth, behind-the scenes view of what a lot of thought, planning and consideration go in before the transfer order of any officer is issued, Mr. Tarun Sheth, Management Development Manager with Hindustan Levers, revealed, "While I've been dealing with this department for over four years now, I have come to realise the impact it must be having not only on the officer concerned, but his family as well. The kind of problems they face in transfers are, firstly, emotional ones of uncertainty. For the man, does it promise a better future or does it reflect on a not too impressive past? A lot depends upon his work in the new set-up, among new people and on a new assignment. For the wife — she not only shares her husband's doubts, but also has the additional problems of schooling for the children, servants, accomodation and her job, if any, to worry about. We do our best in these cases, especially, accommodation, which is given top priority. But there are individual requests to be complied with — like someone wanting a house near a temple, because his aged parents are staying with him and they need an easy access to their place of worship, or some want it near a certain school or hospital. There are all sorts of appeals of this nature, and it isn't humanly possible to oblige all."

Regarding schooling, this firm does consider school terms and tries to coincide them with transfers, but with the system of education differring so vastly all over the country, here too, it's mean task. So, more often than not, they allow the family to retain their old accommodation till a new one is obtained or the new term starts at school. "This doesn't work out as simply as it sounds," says Mr. Sheth. "We have many instances where the husband has been separated from his family for nearly a year on account of these problems."

Another major difficulty arises in the case of working wives, especially where a choice has to be made between career and home, and invariably, to put it candidly, it ends with the woman's career being sacrificed. It's a financial loss, as well as a feeling of inferiority, a loss of independence or, some may look at it this way, self-denial. There is bound to be frustration, and it has to be given vent to in some form. More often than not, the family, its head mainly, has to bear the brunt of it.

Hindustan Levers does not encourage both husband and wife working for them "simply because of these transfers. Where now we might be making one compromise, we would then have to make two," Mr. Sheth said.

"A request for a place or a time of transfer is dealt with on an individual basis. Business needs have to reconciled with personal needs. We do delay postings, as well as try and consider locations conducive to a man's work also. The problem arises in professionalised careers, like in the case of a lawyer who is well established. Then it's up to the husband to sacrifice his future to an extent by being immobile — if he so desires," Mr. Sheth pointed out.

How do these frequent transfers help the executive of the company? Isn't the time and working hours lost of any consequence?

"There are many jobs in which there should be an infusion of new ideas. This is quite desirable. In the long run it works to the advantage of both the employer as well as the employee. At the same time, both have to pay a price. There are instances where we may not move a man any more because of his personal life being hampered — like he may be well established in society, actively involved with happenings in his neighbourhood. It would be unfair to uproot such a man, say at about 50 or 55 years of age, and send him to an unfamilar place, where he is a total stranger. maybe not at work, but in his surroundings, and his place of residence," Mr. Sheth explained.

Even if an executive is not willing to move around, yet the management feels that he has the potential and that he would benefit from a new posting, they try and persuade him to agree to the transfer.

In conclusion, he summed up: "Transfers are tied up with two things — training and development of our managers as we want them to go through certain experiences, and then matching them with the progress and development of our business plans. But personal problems are given due consideration. This results in sometimes sacrificing the immediate needs of the business for the sake of the executive — or vice versa."

So, I ventured forth and met both kinds of people — those who did consider their wives' careers important, and discussed the pros and cons involved in transfers, and those who felt that she could as easily chuck up one job and pick up something new in the next place, and I also met women who wanted a career but whose circumstances weren't in their favour.

When I heard that one Mr. Vasudevan had "thrown up his job because of a transfer that wouldn't suit his wife's career," I had to meet him to find out what it was all about.

"No, this isn't quite the whole truth," he said. "I agree I was

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LOW PRIORITY FOR WIFE'S CAREER?

working with a leading commercial house, where my next posting would have meant better job opportunities, but I did have to think of Nalini's prospects also." She is actively involved with the media, so would not be getting an opening in the town they were being sent to in South India. This couple has nothing against transferable jobs as such. "We were in Delhi before this, and when we moved to Bombay, we found that career-wise it had been a profitable move for both of us! Nalini is is also a contributing member to the family kitty. She is educated, enlightened, good at her job, and I felt the only way to respect her was to give what she believed in, thought and consideration. Well, you can put it this way, I did strike a deal with my new employers, with her job in mind", says Girish.

They are going back to Delhi and are quite optimistic about Nalini rejoining her old place of work, although it may be in a different department.

I could not meet Nalini who was involved with packing and finishing her assignments at work, but I am sure she must be a very proud woman — proud of her man who has placed her on a pedestal by having considered her — and all she stands for — of as much consequence as his own beliefs and convictions.

Practically at par were the Choksis, Lokurs and the Sahanis.

Gita is a Travel Development Manager with a leading travel agency. Having been with them for over seven years now, her job means a lot to her as well as her husband. And being practical she admits that "the money coming in is as important." Her husband R. is in government service. There are rumours that he may be posted to the capital for about a year. "I would like to go with him, but certainly not at the cost of my job," Mrs. Choksi declared. "If my organsation can give me an assignment there, doing more or less the same thing that I'm doing now, well and good, otherwise I stay back. I certainly won't look around for another job, just to be with my husband."

And considering she has made a mark, not only in her company, but in the travel world as well, it also explains her next remark, "If I take on something new, it has to match my present assignment, or I have to take a step up. In this trade, reputation counts a lot, and everyone's watching who you're working for, and if you're going places."

Besides this short tenure in Delhi, there could be more transfers, longer terms out — these fortunately, would only be inside the State, so the Choksis would try and work out a week-end sort of living. "Then we'd take our annual leave separately, and divide it up so that we are together for a while, practically every three months." said the career woman optimistically.

R. is least worried about this. He admires his wife, her position and admits that she isn't doing just an "altu faltu" job for the heck of it. Not having much say in the matter, when his movement orders come, he too feels that their "out-station marriage should work out beautifully for as long as the need arises."

The Lokurs are another couple who believe in "live and let live," Madhuri is a Development Officer with the National Insurance Co. One of the three women holding this post, she has just received her Fellowship, a three-year diploma which is internationally recognised by the Federation of Insurance. Madhav is a Station Superintendent with Air India. Fortunately for his wife, he has been in Bombay for the past eight years! "But it's time I moved out," he said in the tone of one having been in a place too long. Fortunately, Madhuri should be able to get a job anywhere in the world," so moving wouldn't be one of their major problems.

But when posed with a hypothetical question, like Madhav being posted to a place where it was impossible for Madhuri to get a job, pat came her reply, "We are two independent adults, and as such, I feel that we've got to think the problem over rationally rather than emotionally. If such a situation did arise, I frankly would like to stay on in Bombay, rather than give up the job for the mere pleasure of living abroad. When one's worked so hard at something, it begins to mean a lot to you, and you just can't chuck it up."

Fortunately the Lokurs have a flat of their own in this city, where getting accommodation can be a harrowing experience. So with that as 90 per cent of their battle won, she added, "it wouldn't be so difficult living alone, but mind you, it's just a hypothetical case," she smiles. And as Madhav puts it, "We won't force our decisions or personal preferences upon one another; our motto has been, "we agree to differ," he concluded.

The Sahanis are a couple whose problems have just about been got over. "We had a bad time for a while, till about a year ago. When we got married, I was posted in Delhi, and he at Jamshedpur. How do you like that for a start in life?" queried Anita.

An ex-student of the prestigious IIM Ahmedabad, she is a management consultant with one of the leading firms in town. Navin holds a managerial post in one of the top business houses in their financial department. "Well, continuing about our hassles then," said Anita, "the closest I could get to living with Navin was asking for a transfer to our branch in Calcutta. But we knew a couple who had tried out this week-end marriage, and things didn't work out, and we definitely had no intentions of starting our life on a wrong footing. Just when I had reconciled myself to giving up my job and hoping to find something, to be in the same city as Navin, though it would certainly have meant a demotion for me, career wise, our luck changed,"

Navin had applied for a posting to Bombay even before they got married, but as there was no vacancy, it was refused. Then, when the newly-weds were at their wit's end, his transfer came through. Navin still feels that it was partly a newly created post, and he thinks very highly of his employers for giving so much thought to his personal life. Now

Continued on page 43

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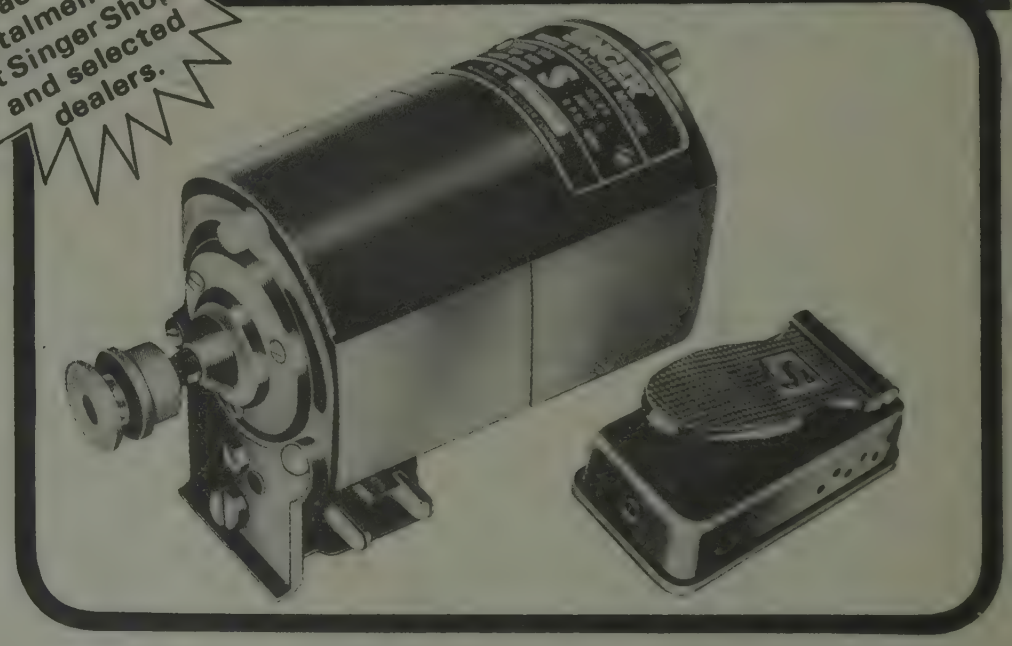

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CROCHET ARTISTRY

A lovely bag with matching clogs for you to crochet

MATERIALS

COATS ANCHOR KNITTING COTTON MERCERISED (6/50 Grm Ball): a product of MADURA COATS.

3 balls each of 12 selected colours (3 shades for each of 4 colours).

Aluminium crochet hook 5.00 (no.6), (if your crochet is loose use a size finer hook, if tight use a size larger hook).

25 cm jute 90 cm wide for lining bag.

A pair of wooden clogs in black.

Some nails.

Two wooden rings 24 cm in diameter.

TENSION

Width of each braid 2 cm

MEASUREMENTS

Finished size of bag 38 X 36 cm

ABBREVIATION

ch — chain.

BAG

The bag is made of 18 braids 72 cm long.

Each braid is made of 3 ch (one for each shade) worked with 8 threads long 1 mt each.

First work the single ch on the 3 shades of each colour, then plait them.

Work 5 braids for first and second colour and 4 braids for third and fourth colour.

TO MAKE UP

Sew braids together — see illustration for colours.

Fold crochet piece in half, sew side seams leaving 14 cm free at top on each side.

Allowing 1.5 cm for seams along sides and 4.5 cm for seams and folding along upper edges make a paper pattern from crochet bag.

Fold lining in half short ends together and using paper pattern, cut one piece in same manner. Stitch side seams leaving 18.5 cm free at top on each side. Turn lining to outside. Place crochet over lining, stitch round top and along side openings. Fold extra lining over wooden rings and stitch in position.

STRAPS FOR THE CLOGS

The straps are covered with 4 braids each 20 cm long.

Make two braids for each colour working as for Bag.

TO MAKE UP

Sew braids together — see illustration for colours.

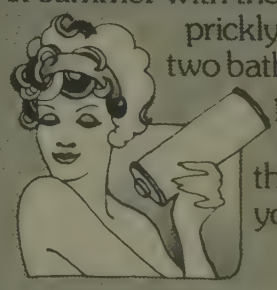
Using nails attach crochet stripes to clogs.

When the heat's on, play it cool. Four ways to outwit summer :

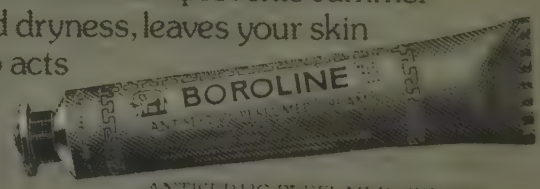
1 The faster the sun dries up your system, the more your skin needs moisture. Drink plenty of water and fresh fruit juice if you can.

2 It's alright to be a sun lover. The sun's rays have Vitamin D which is vital to the skin. But too much direct exposure could harm your skin. An umbrella is a must if you're going out. Wear light, cool clothes to keep out the heat. And guard the delicate skin round your eyes with sunglasses.

3 Oh those lazy, hazy, crazy days of summer with their sweat rash and prickly heat ! Have at least two baths a day and powder yourself liberally, specially those places where you tend to perspire.



4 Keep a Boroline tube handy and use it last thing at night. Smooth in this perfumed antiseptic cream all over – specially when you come in from the sun. Boroline prevents summer rashes, chapping and dryness, leaves your skin smooth and healthy. It also acts as a gentle antiseptic for minor cuts and wounds.



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BEAUTY

BEAUTY FOR THE WORKING GIRL

Many a working girl will realize that in a single day she spends more of her waking hours in an office than at her home. For her, the office becomes a second home, so it is important what she wears, how she grooms herself and what she eats to maintain a balanced diet.

Most working girls have desk-bound jobs which do not give them a chance to burn up calories. Air-hostesses and outdoor sales girls have a slight advantage since they get some exercise while on their jobs. A step-by-step routine has to be followed whether your job is mainly stationary or on the go.

When you get up in the morning, do a couple of situps to tone up your muscles after the night's sleep. Have a cup of tea — afterwards a glass of fresh fruit juice. Avoid a heavy breakfast, keep your lunch light and go in for a substantial dinner. Lunch should be nutritious and easy to carry. A hard-boiled egg, a piece of cheese, some crackers and raw vegetables like carrots, tomatoes or cucumbers. Fruit should be restricted to citrus. Avoid rice and greasy foods and too many sandwiches. Lunch should be filling, but at the same time not fattening, as for nearly eight hours of the day you will be sitting in one place. Drink lots of water while working since most girls forget to do so.

Evening tea can be accompanied by two biscuits. Dinner can be your main meal but once again you should not go overboard and stuff yourself.

While at your desk in the office you can do simple isometric exercises. Isometrics can be done without any one knowing that you are performing them since it is only a system of tightening the muscles of the various parts of the body. These four simple exercises could be helpful.

1. Sit at your desk with back straight, arms on table. Tighten thighs and hold position to the count of five. Repeat 10 times.

2. While standing at the filing cabinet, tighten hips and thighs and hold to the count of five. Repeat 10 times.

3. Sit at the desk with one leg crossed completely over the other. Keeping this position, tighten hips and thighs to the count of five. Repeat 10 times.

4. Grip arms of chair and press down to the count of five. Repeat 10 times.

Most of your exercises should be geared towards your hips, stomach and thighs since too much sitting may lead to 'typist's spread,' or 'saddle bags'. This is a condition in which the sides of the thighs increase in size due to sitting for long periods. The muscles in that area become slack and flabby. Try to walk to work if possible, or in the evening after office so that your legs get exercise.

Next on your list are your clothes. Fortunately, rules in offices are no longer rigid and you can wear trousers, dresses, sarees or salwar-kameez. But whatever your selection, you must wear sensible clothes which do not interfere with your work and are comfortable Also a picture of efficiency should be projected by your appearance. Synthetics are practical for career women since they require minimum ironing and are often drip-dry. Cottons are ideal for summer but should be crisp and freshly laundered or they will mar your looks. Jewellery is a good idea to add colour to an outfit, but not the flashy kind. Small ear clips or a pert brooch are good selections. Keep your jangling silver bangles and numerous rings for the evening. Make it a habit of wearing a watch to enable you to be punctual.

Hairstyling and make-up are essential part of your total look. Hair should be styled in such a way that it does not require repeated peeks into the mirror. If short, comb neatly. If shoulder length, grip with a pin. If very long then a soft chignon at the nape of the neck is ideal. Leaving waist-length hair open is not very advisable since it not only requires constant combing but presents an untidy look.

Make-up should be restricted to lipstick, eyeliner and moisturizer. A small make-up kit in your bag is handy to touch up your face at lunch time. Your kit could consist of a lipstick, an eye-pencil and a small perfume bottle. A compact instead of loose powder is more convenient for a shiny nose. For an after-office date keep a small soap and towel handy. Wash your face, freshen up totally, then apply make-up. Keep some pins handy in your bag to alter your hairstyle into a slightly more sophisticated one.

Footwear for office girls should be comfortable, elegant and durable. Strappy, high-heeled sandals which are glamorous but slightly precarious should be kept for special evenings. Medium heels are ideal choice. Keep a white and black pair for office with matching handbags. These two colours being neutral will be perfectly safe bets with any clothes you select.

Your hands and feet will always be on display so keep them well groomed. Nails must be manicured and cut short if you are a typist. You will have to sacrifice your long nails for efficiency at work. Nail polish once again should be of a neutral shade and if possible a pale one. You don't have time to touch up your nails very often nor can you afford chipped nails; therefore, a lighter shade is less noticeable if it chips.

If your work involves a lot of walking your feet will be effected — even varicose veins can be embarassing along with broken veins. Don't wear very high heels — this puts a lot of undue pressure on your feet. Once a week soak your feet in hot water to which a dash of cologne has been added. Keep toe-nails clipped short. While bathing brush toe-nails and heels with a brush to remove dry skin. Use a pumice stone for the harder areas. Rub some oil into the feet before a bath and cream them afterwards.

Finally, pay attention to your posture at all times. Sit erect and walk tall. Don't slouch over the typewriter — there is danger of developing a 'typist's hump'. This in turn can lead to painful disorders of the spinal cord such as a slipped disc or just backaches. Sit with your stomach tucked in, your hips touching the lower edge of your back rest and your legs placed comfortably on the floor.

Your beauty and health routine should become second nature to you so that before you set out for work each day, you do not waste too much time thinking about what to do when. Plan your wardrobe, meals and other details a day in advance so that precious moments are not wasted before leaving for work. A well-groomed, poised and confindent YOU will be able to face even a trying day at the office without crumbling under the strain.

Meher Castelino

Discipline achieves what ambition seeks

Working steadily since dawn, the parasol ant carved out a giant piece of green leaf. He lifted it to his crown and headed for his colony.

This bit of leaf would soon be made into compost. The parasol tribe deliberately sow, manure, prune, weed, eat and sow again.

His "cowherd" cousins pasture their "cattle"—tiny, pear-shaped plant pests called aphids. Aphids suck plant sap and the ants milk them for the juice they secrete.

By dusk, the little ant had made a record hundred load-carrying trips...

His tribe has complete faith in the discipline ingrained in evolutionary history...And none whatever in sentinels.

Nature abounds in those qualities we seek in ourselves

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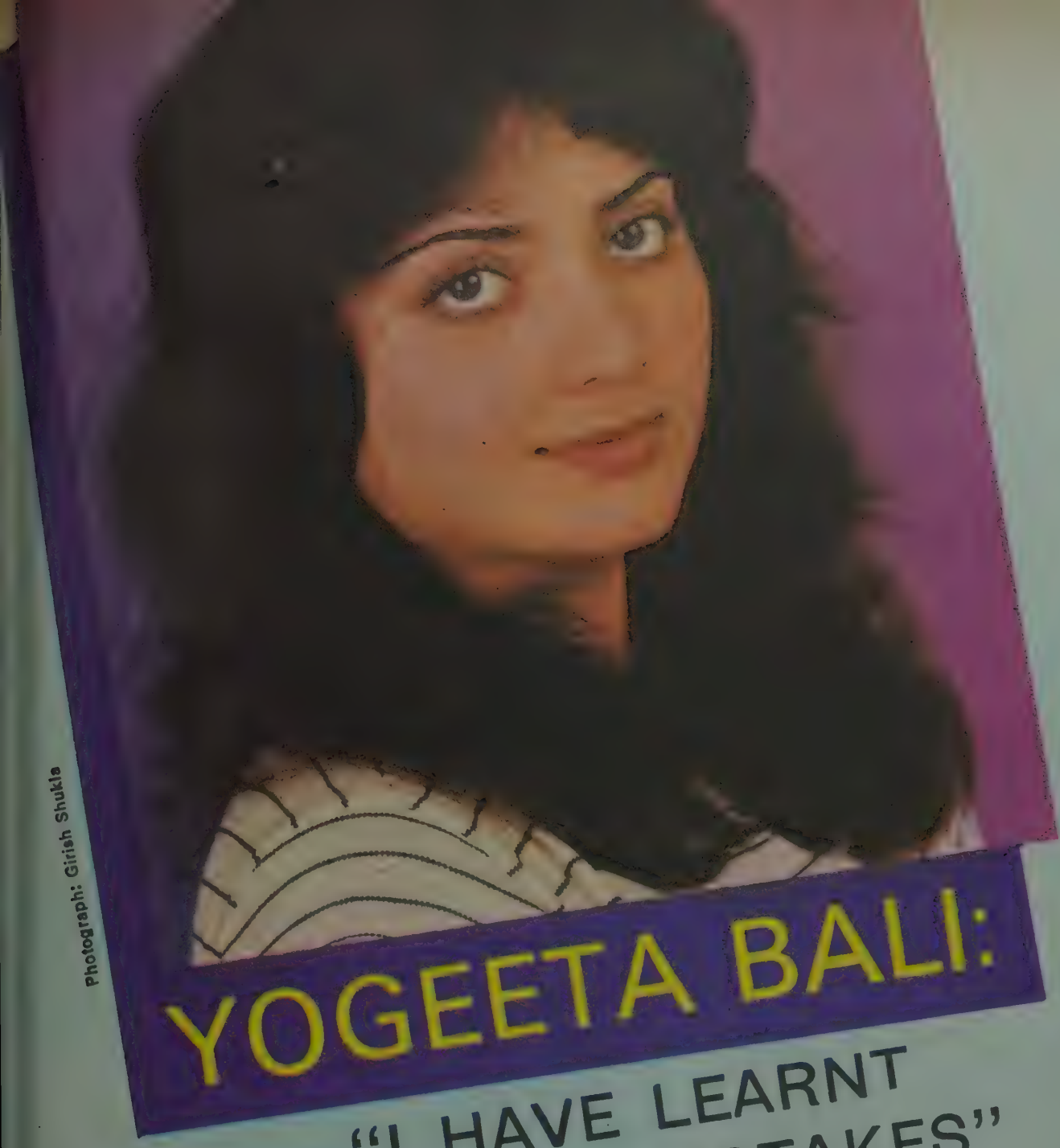


Photograph: Girish Shukla

YOGEETA BALI:

"I HAVE LEARNT FROM MY MISTAKES"

Jyothi Venkatesh

Yogeeta Bali revels in ditching journalists who have an appointment with her. So, once bitten twice shy, I had rung her up again before landing at her home for the interview and was told by her brother that Pinky had gone to town to see a movie and would be back home only by midnight.

The next day, she rang up and confirmed that we would positively meet on Sunday afternoon.

Yageeta is no longer plump. Though one would not credit her with an hour-glass figure, she has slimmed down considerably ever since her break-up with Kishore Kumar. The fact that her telephone keeps on buzzing endlessly is an indication of the fact that she had started taking her career seriously unlike in the past when she just flirted with the industry as if for a lark.

She confesses that she has learnt by her mistakes in the past and would not repeat them. "For example I never even used to bother what my role or the script was in most of the films for which I had signed in the past. I just used to report on the sets and obey the instructions of the directors."

Today Yogeeta chooses her roles with care. "In the past, I used to sign each and every role offered to me. I have worked in 35 films till date, but only a handful of them have turned out to be good ones."

Yogeeta does not like multi-star films because in them the heroes hog the whole story. As it is, she said, "It is a hero-oriented industry where the heroine has to dance to the tune of the leading man. There is no other way to survive. Today they do not make the kind of heroine-oriented films which were the rage of the days when we had actresses like Meena Kumari, Madhubala and my aunt Geeta Bali. But one has to adjust to changing trends, and so I am working in many multi-starrers."

Yogeeta has started asking producers who come to her to sign, who her co-star in the film would be. "Unless the role is a once-in-a-lifetime one, I am not in favour of being teamed opposite new-comers, because there is a danger of getting stuck with B-grade films as a result.

"Today the hero makes a big difference to the career of a heroine. My career did get a shot in the arm when all of a sudden I found myself brushing shoulders with Dev Anand in 'Banarasi Babu', Sanjeev Kumar in 'Dhoop Chaon' and Vinod Khanna in 'Sauda'."

Yogeeta believes in destiny. "Producers who wanted to cast Amitabh and me together in the wake of 'Parwana' changed their mind because Amitabh had played the villain in 'Parwana', so they chose Navin to play the leading man."

It was her impulsive marriage to Kishore Kumar that brought her career to a grinding halt. "For nearly three years I was out of films. I was held captive as a wife. The only film I had at that time was my then-husband's 'Shabash Daddy' which bombed at the box-office. I had been signed to play the romantic lead opposite Vinod Khanna in 'Khoon Ki Pukar' before marriage, but I had to bow out of it because Kishore didn't want me to put on grease paint for any producer other than he. And Shabana bagged that role."

So, after the marriage went on the rocks, she had to start from scratch with 'Janta Hawaldar' opposite Rajesh Khanna.

While anxious to safeguard her career, Yogeeta is not blind to the money angle. "I may accept a couple of not-so-important roles too, if the money is really tempting," she said. But she will never sign for makers of 'B' grade films.

Though 'Parde Ke Peechey' with Vinod Mehra was the first film of Yogeeta Bali to hit the screen, it was with Shashi Kapoor that she was signed to do her first film by her mentor at that time, Mr. K. Ananthaswamy, who had earlier launched Hema Malini as the Dream Girl with 'Sapnon Ka Saudagar' opposite Raj Kapoor.

Looking back, Yogeeta recalls those good old days. "I was just 14 then I was naive and not aware of this wicked wicked world," she reminisced. But like Hema she too got out of the contract.

"Fortunately, I bagged the role in 'Parde Ke Peechey' opposite Vinod Mehra, who had till then worked in only one film, 'Ek Thi Reeta', opposite Tanuja. But the film hadn't been released, and

Continued on page 49

NUTRITION: options and limits

Thomas Matthai

Nutrition education is to health what education is to life. Its practical relevance would vary with the demands of each society and in relation to the many components of health, like accessibility to food, care of the child and the mother, immunity to and rehabilitation after illness, fertility regulation and environmental protection. Malnutrition, as well as the other basic causes of disease and death, may arise also from factors other than food. And social misfortunes, hostile to health, have a habit of arriving together to feed on each other — poverty, squalour, ignorance.

A realistic approach to community health would therefore seek to shape and spread nutrition education as part of a wider social movement, its path charted by clear national policies, its thrust backed by public resources and the involvement of millions of would-be beneficiaries. Learning for nutrition can be sustained only by demonstrable results in terms of health, not as exclusive exercises in annual targetry.

Long before nutrition education became a plank of government policy for development, there was a movement, in the forgotten '30's, of voluntary workers practising the virtue and propagating the message of eating unpolished rice, using neem leaves for eyes, charcoal for dentifrice, oilcake for the bath. The "educated" class laughed these away. But the concepts were traditional and of the earth, their choice preceded by informed scrutiny and discussion, their acceptance integrated with a nationwide effort at social change, economic freedom, moral cleanliness and political emancipation

Freedom did come — but the broader movement died with its leader and with that died the education of a people for self-reliance. Instead, health became enveloped — as was education — by an imitative culture surviving the foreign rule. The subsequent experience has largely been that of the government trying to inject into people's consciousness the will to change — and succeeding none too well.

Some governments in the third world have succeeded in raising the nutritional and health status of their whole populations by bringing to the people's rescue the omnipotence of the state — China and Cuba for example. In India — where people do not seem to trust governments with that measure of power — this is not the pattern. On the Indian canvas, 60 million children are malnourished, about 1,00,000 of them die every month on that account and even more die of infectious diseases aided by the poverty of their diet. Nutrition programmes, government or voluntary, have been of limited scope and effect. There was the "supplementary feeding" of children, pregnant women and nursing mothers in the '50s, which has since taken the shape of mid-day meals presently reaching over 13 million children. This was followed by the attempt to get villagers to produce "protective" foods for their own consumption, and then the applied nutrition programme started in 1963 and expanded slowly with an emphasis evolving from animal protein to green vegetables.

At the beginning of the '70s, a special nutrition programme was launched to meet the protein-calorie deficiency of children up to six years and of expectant and nursing mothers. Around six million beneficiaries are estimated to be covered by this scheme, the responsibility for which was shifted in 1974 from the Centre to the State governments.

Towards the end of 1975, another scheme, the Integrated Child Development Services (ICDS), was begun. Nutrition and health education for women, designed more to change behaviour than impart knowledge, is one of the major elements in the ICDS scheme. Up to two million children and half a mil-

lion women may have been helped so far by the scheme.

Nutrition education at the primary school, with its own vegetable garden, and the child taking on the role of an agent of change, is one of the more recent ideas seeking practical acceptance.

Statistical indices apart, how have the nutrition programmes fared? Government sources confess that many of the States did not provide enough money in their budgets even to sustain the Fourth Plan level of benefits. As for expanding the work with funds from the multi-pronged "Minimum Needs Programme" of the Fifth Plan, the States could not put to use even their meagre share for nutrition out of a total, itself drastically pruned from Rs. 33,000 million in the "approach document" to Rs. 28,000 million in the "draft plan" to an eventual Rs. 8,000 million or so.

The 1978-83 plan pitches this figure at over Rs. 40,000 million.

THE WAR AGAINST MALNUTRITION CALLS FOR A MORE SINCERE AND SUSTAINED EFFORT BY GOVERNMENT, AND THE HELP OF CONCERNED CITIZENS HAS TO BE ENLISTED

There is diffusion of responsibility, dearth of supervision, not enough trained workers. Some gains have been recorded, but except in a few pockets where children received a package of services (food plus health care plus nutrition education), administrative weaknesses have prevented durable results.

The stage has perhaps been reached when there is awareness among the decision-makers of what needs to be done. Some improvement in the health status of the poor majority is possible within the constraints of their present economic plight — by making them recognise their nutritional needs and the inexpensive means of meeting them; by imparting the simple lessons of child and maternity care, of cleanliness and hygiene, of precautions in illness and against infection.

Yet even this limited achievement on a national scale is not in sight. Why? Probably because the government machinery is neither used nor geared to such patient, unspectacular projects. Or, perhaps the "teachers" do not practice the methods they expound. If this view is accepted, it follows that enough public and private resources should be pooled and placed at the disposal not of government agencies but well-motivated voluntary organizations of proven competence.

The message and the help should be delivered by persons chosen from the local community, sharing its life-style and trained in their task. Past performance or current experience does not encourage the hope that an army of government employees or agents, whatever their label, can bring about a nutrition revolution. The government would of course be involved to the extent of making public funds available for the purpose, and ensuring a minimum degree of public accountability by he voluntary agencies.

The government is however called upon to do bigger things for the development of the greatest of all resources — the human being. For, there are narrow limits to improving nutrition or health within the constraints set by the indigence of the individual and the community.

Health workers or nutrition promoters, from government or outside, cannot hope to talk people out of their lack of work, absence of income or assets, low educational level, poor sanitary conditions, poorer communications, diminishing food intake, unsafe drinking water, episodes of infection, too many children, insufficient parental attention, insignificant social influence.

The crux of nutrition education — as indeed of any "social welfare" measure that rests on public acceptance and adoption — is that the change of attitude required for its success cannot come from an isolated exercise in any one department of the government, but only as part of a decisive effort to break the poverty syndrome. This needs the backing of all the resources, authority and will the whole government can muster. The strategy for this thrust has, if anything, been overdiscussed. The need now is for the Government to move into action.

TREND

Look out for styles that are new, gay and young in fashion — styles to live it up in, in crisp, cool and carefree fabrics that stay that way throughout the day. KIKI MEHTA and SABIHA KABIR, of MADAME MADAMOISELLE boutique give a glimpse from their collection of practical, interchangeable co-ordinates for you to look lovely, romantic and feminine as you're always dreamt of being.

CO-ORDINATES

Madame Madamoiselle will hold on exhibition-cum-sale of their exclusively designed outfits on May 31 and June 1, 1979 at Aakar Art Gallery, Bombay. Sale will include a collection of jewellery, hand bags and kiddies collections by ANURADHA AWATRAMANI.

Tie-ups are romantic! An Irish linen, a-line skirt has a d georgette top with Magyar sleeves and tie-up at waist; ted satin maxi skirt and top has an elastic waist and o match; and a cotton and rayon checked outfit with a ed front, also has a scarf to match.

E: For the girl with the elegant air — an off-shouldered tte midi skirt in tiers, with a fabulous flair is just perfect y occasion.

: Whether off to a party or to a special date, you'll just perfect in this double purpose dress worn plain or printed long-sleeved georgette top and a sash at waist; iers enhance this midi skirt and top, co-ordinated with ing beige rayon fabric.

Photographs: Farokh Reporter

SATI DAAKSHAAYANI

T. R. A. Narayana

As usual, the train was winding its way wearily among the cheerless hills between Tiruppattur and Salem, making a lot of eerie noise out of all proportion to its actual speed. In this section of the railway, one either sweats in the heat or shivers miserably in the cold. All express trains pass the division at dead of night when the passengers ought to sleep soundly. But they don't.

Nor could I, despite the comfortable accommodation in the First Class.

I was going to see Kaarttyaayani after almost 30 years.

Our parents begot four sons and two daughters. Kaarttyaayani was the fourth child, the second daughter. I was the youngest in the family. There was a gap of nearly ten years between Kaartti and me.

Our father was for long a clerk in the Judicial Department. Most of his life he had to repay a debt of nearly five thousand rupees, incurred by his father, together with heavy interest. What little he and mother were able to save through the utmost economy was spent on the marriage of Manjulaa, the elder daughter. When Kaartti was thirteen and threatened to become a woman, our parents got frightened; we would be ex-communicated from Brahmin society if she was not married before she did so!

Father managed to give Kaartti away, in good time, to a widower of forty with a daughter of six and a son of three. Kaartti's husband was a decent gentleman, a high officer in Travancore State. His parents had passed away. All these things put together ought to have made Kaartti's married life quite happy, except for the large disparity in age between her and her husband.

But, no. Kaartti's life was made miserable by Raajam and Seenu, the children left by the first wife, instigated by their maternal grand-parents and uncles. Kaartti's husband was meek by nature and never found the courage to put his former in-laws in their place.

To aggravate Kaartti's sufferings, she did not get a child herself for almost ten years. This gave a lever to her tormentors; the opprobrium of barrenness was added to her already difficult existence.

Our poverty denied us the equality of status necessary for commanding respect from the people surrounding Kaartti. Kaartti's husband was a man of broad views and willing, almost eager, to associate freely with our parents and other relations of Kaartti's. But he was not allowed the opportunity; the interested parties somehow managed to raise a wall between him and us. Every time any of us committed the folly of visiting Kaartti, we were punished by insults and we returned with lacerated feelings.

The last time I had been to Kaartti's place was about nine years after her marriage. Our father had died three years after her marriage, and Manjulaa too about the same time. Kaartti was not permitted to visit us for mourning. Mother and I had to pass through Kottayam on our way to Trivandrum to see the Lakshadeepam Festival, and could not very well omit to call on her. At that time Raajam's marriage was being discussed. In my boyish thoughtlessness I mentioned that Mani might be a good match for Raajam. Mani was my elder brother then twentyfive and well-employed in Bombay. One of Raajam's maternal uncles burst out into derisive laughter and said to her father: "Oh, brother-in-law! What a glorious alliance the bright boy has suggested! Fix it up immediately; no need to consider other boys!" It was not exactly what the man said, but the way he said it, that cut mother, Kaartti and me to the quick.

Kaartti had a warm heart. She had special love for me. She kept writing to me, and that is how I was able to know how life developed for her after that deplorable Kottayam episode.

Raajam was given in marriage to a brilliant scientist employed in Tata's, Jamshedpur. She started married life in grand style. Her husband treated her very kindly, but could not give her a child.

Shortly after Raajam's marriage, her grand-parents passed away. This, and her uncles' departure from Kerala for employment in Bombay and Delhi, had a salutary effect on her brother Seenu. There was a welcome change in his behaviour towards Kaartti after these happenings.

Kaartti got her first child, a daughter, at this time. Four years later, she got a son. The two children were named Annammaa and Pichai respectively.

When Annammaa was six and Pichai two, Seenu married a girl from a very rich mill-owner's family and was promptly annexed to his wife's people. He visited his father when other business brought him to the place; otherwise, he sometimes sent a few lines on a post-card conveying his respectful regards.

Shortly after this, Kaartti's husband retired from service. He was awarded a pension of three hundred rupees per month, which was quite a goodly sum those days.

Life ran fairly smoothly for Kaartti thereafter. But the edge of enjoyment had been blunted for both her and her husband; at their ages then, the most they could do was to live peacefully.

Meantime, great changes had occurred on our side. Our mother had expired some ten years earlier, at my home, after seeing me and all my elder brothers happily settled in life. The family tree had spread wide; there were no less than twenty children growing.

I could not be present at my niece Annammaa's marriage seven years ago. But she is staying in Poona ever since; I visit her often, as I am settled in Bombay.

I was now going to see Kaartti. I got a letter from her ten days ago. Her son Pichai's marriage was most likely to take place shortly. She wished me to be present on the occasion and also receive "a most important message" she had to give me

The prospect of witnessing my only nephew's marriage pleased me all right. But what was this "most important message" Kaartti wanted to give me? If the question did not worry me, it certainly intrigued me vastly.

* * *

It was about ten when I reached Pichai's place in Kottayam. The day was bright. Rain drops glistened among the lush greenery around the house. Onam, Kerala's major festival, was coming, and the whole atmosphere already had its happy hue, smell and sound.

Pichai was obviously prospering. A liveried chaprassi stood at the ornate gate. In the portico a boy was wiping the car after he had washed it. Pichai himself was seen through the window of his office-room, with four men standing before him.

Pichai turned in his seat on hearing my taxi grind to a halt. "Oh, Mama!" he cried out lustily, and came out. His subordinates discreetly went out with a respectful nod to him and me. Hugging Pichai, who had grown into a comely young man with a highly intellectual face, I saw Kaartti sailing majestically towards me. Thirty years had not changed the vivacious girl she had ever been since the earliest days of my memory of her. Time had not been able to stifle her spirit; it could only put some flesh over her strong bones and turn her jetblack hair into a silvery grey.

I fell at Kaartti's feet. I expected her to pass her palms over my hair and ask me about my journey and welfare, for, she was fifty-three and I forty-three. But, Kaartti collected me to her ample bosom and kissed me on both cheeks with a fervour which forthwith transported me mentally to the days forty years ago.

"You have come, Saami?" came my brother-in-law's weak

voice from somewhere inside the house. Pichai, Kaartti and I hastened to him. Except that he felt some difficulty to move his legs fast, Kaartti's husband was in very good health for his age, eighty. In a few minutes, he made me feel at ease and, when Kaartti brought fragrant coffee we fell to desultory talk.

After the noon meal, when Pichai had left for office, and his father was having his siesta, Kaartti and I enjoyed a heart-to-heart talk for nearly four hours. All the sufferings of her married life could not destroy the sense of humour she was born with. Her comments on events of even the most tragic nature came like the impersonal discussions in a book of fiction. She even mimicked persons with a gusto to be found only among college girls, and at times sent me into peels of laughter with some utterly nonsensical comments which no respectable family woman was expected to utter.

MARRIED TO A MAN MUCH OLDER THAN HER, SHE ENDURED LIFE'S TRIBULATIONS WITH A SPRIGHTLY SPIRIT AND A TRANQUIL SMILE. BUT COULD HER STOICISM LAST FOR EVER?

Pichai's marriage had been fixed to take place that day next week. The bride was the daughter of the Principal of the Government College, Kottayam. Being a local affair, we had no work to do. Annammaa arrived next day with her two sons. Pichai was on leave from that day. For a whole week, I had my fill of pleasant conversation with Kaartti, her husband, Pichai and Annammaa, singly and collectively.

Pichai's marriage went off happily — one of the best-conducted functions in Kottayam in recent years, according to the local newspapers.

It was the fourth day after the marriage. Pichai and his wife were to leave by car after the noon meal for their honeymoon — "all over India", he said. I was to leave at three with Annammaa and her children.

When I left my bed at five as usual, I got a premonition that something terrible was going to happen that day. From the storeroom came Kaartti's rich voice reciting the verses of "Geetagovindam" which she and I had learned by heart from our father, to the accompaniment of churning dahi. As I went to the toilet through the corridor, I heard Pichai and his wife laughing, also the series of short coughs my brother-in-law always made at that hour. Annammaa and her boys seemed to be enjoying the comfort of their warm beds in the morning coolness.

By eight, everybody was busy; the servants had come. Kaartti had gone to the temple. I was sitting near brother-in-law's cot and listening to the Malayalam shlokas which he recited in his typical way.

A figure rushed into the room and fell at brother-in-law's feet, I turned to look who it was. Seenu! Was that famished creature the proud and princely boy who twitched his lips in disdain in addressing Kaartti and me in days of old? I looked again. Now there was a woman by his side, a miserable consumptive thing, who let out a wail through her pinched lips, "Pardon us, Mama!'

Brother-in-law and I were still trying to recover from the shock of the sight which Seenu and his wife were, when Kaartti walked in. A strange look came into her eyes as they fell on the four of us. She squatted down on the floor near me. Annammaa, Pichai and the children had come in now, and were standing around us with a look of dismay. There was a tense silence in the room, and nobody seemed to dare break it.

Pichai's wife came in with a tray of coffee cups. When she had handed a cup to each of us and was turning to go back with the tray, Kaartti said: 'Sit down, child, and take your coffee here. All of you, please take your coffee." All of us obeyed her. There was something in her voice and looks which commanded instant compliance.

Kaartti herself did not touch her coffee cup. She closed her eyes, crossing her left leg over her right. She now looked like Mother Kaali in her sombre aspect. All of us sat spellbound.

Kaartti's voice came, as if from regions far away: "Saami, my words are addressed to you; you are the only person who ever understood me.

"My good husband, your brother-in-law, received a letter from Seenu about a month ago. It requested my husband, only my husband, to go and stay with him hereafter. My husband did not tell me about the letter, but I found it and put it back where I found it after reading.

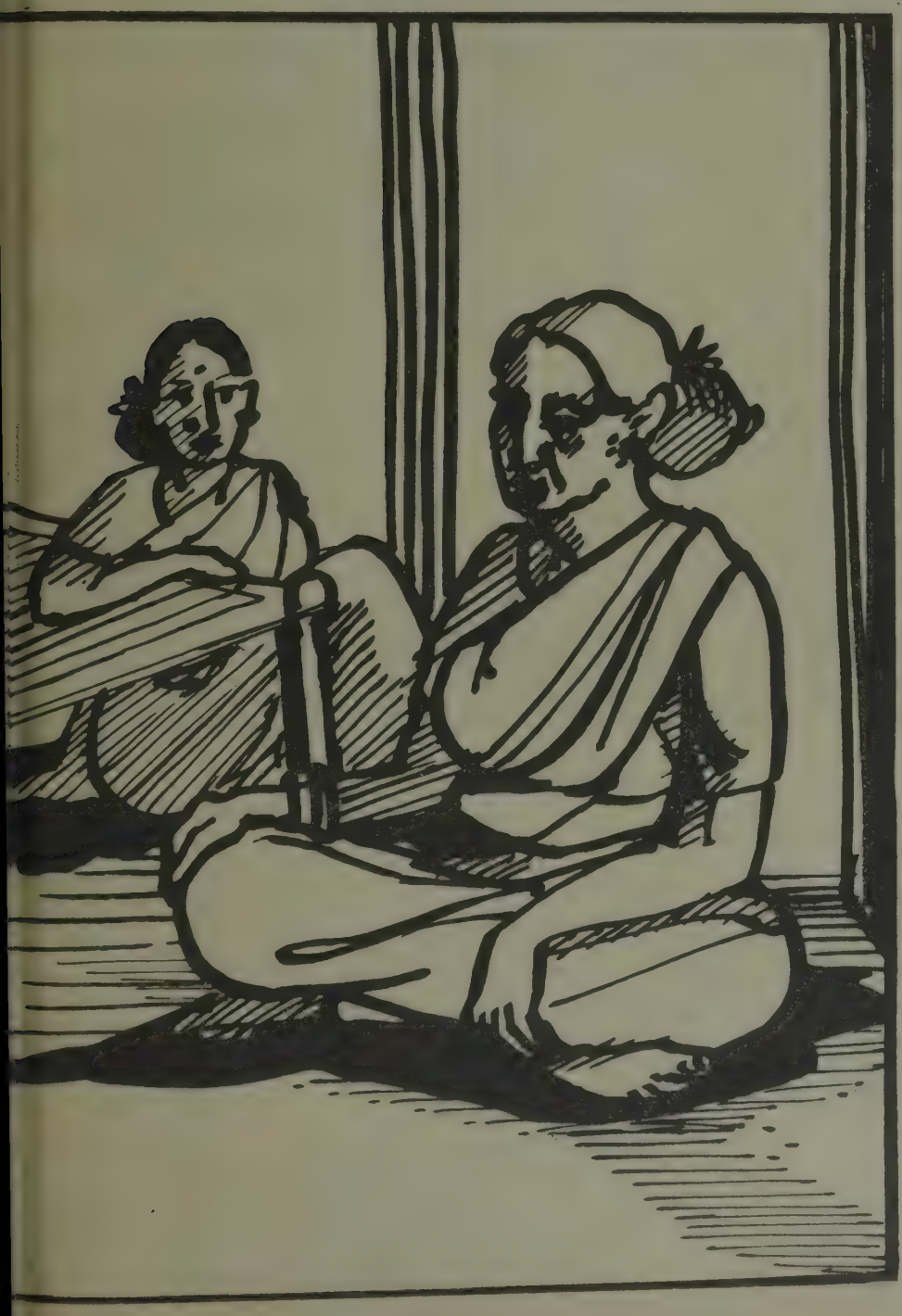
"Seenu and his wife's people are broke, completely broke. Seenu wants to support his wife and six children with the help of your brother-in-law or rather your brother-in-law's pension.

"I need not tell a boy of your intelligence all the complications which Seenu's letter raises. Fortunately, I have found, or rather Lord Guruvaayoorappan's Grace has found for me, the solution to the problem before my husband.

"I have no doubt you remember the story about Sati Daakshaayani, which our father was fond of telling us often in his own inimitable style. Then, I did not understand exactly how one could give up life by just willing to. Now, I do, at least how a woman can. When the circumstances of a woman's married life— and I need not repeat that married life is the only life which a woman really lives — so conspire that whatever she does or does not always brings unhappiness to herself and the others around her, she acquires, if she is a sincere woman, the ability to go beyond her mortal coils at will. I am going to prove this after giving you the message about which I wrote in my letter.

"The message is: No man should be allowed to marry more than once especially if he has children by his first wife for any reason whatsoever."

We saw Kaartti stretching her legs out forward. Then we saw her lie back. Then we heard her utter, "Guruvaayoorappa!" That was all.



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GEM/2912

GET CRACKING WITH CHEESE!

Premila Lal

When the time is short or when the children come home at midday, crack a quick and unfussy meal of egg and cheese that will delight them. An egg can be adapted to different tastes and can be used to thicken gravies, sauces and is delicious in desserts. Cheese enhances the flavour of many unpleasing dishes. It can be cooked with meat and vegetables and included in desserts as well.

Photograph: Farokh Reporter

CHEESE PANCAKES

2 eggs
1 cup cheese, grated
½ cup thick curd
A pinch of salt
¼ tsp. pepper powder
1/3 cup flour
Butter for frying
3 tomatoes, cut into rings

Beat the eggs till thick and combine with the curds, sugar, salt and powdered pepper. Beat the grated cheese into the above mixture. Sift the flour and beat it into the mixture until it is smooth. Grease a frying pan lightly with butter, drop tablespoons of the mixture and spread into a round shape. Fry on both sides till golden brown. Put the pancakes in layers. Sandwich tomato rings and grated cheese between layers. Sprinkle with pepper powder. Serve immediately.

SPICED POACHED EGGS AND BAKED BEANS

4 eggs
1 large capsicum, minced
2 cups baked beans
3 onions, finely chopped
1 green chilli, chopped

2 tomatoes, peeled and chopped
½ tsp. chilli powder
½ tsp. garam masala
Salt to taste
1 tbsp. butter
1 tbsp. flour
1½ cups milk
½ cup cream
1 tbsp. coriander leaves, chopped
Oil

GRIND TO A FINE PASTE:

1" piece ginger
6 cloves garlic
1 green chilli

Heat the oil and fry the onions till they are golden brown. Add the ground paste and fry for 1 minute,then add the chilli powder, minced chilli and garam masala. Fry for another minute, then add the tomatoes and salt. Stir, add the beans and blend well. Remove from the heat and arrange in warm shallow dish. Melt the butter, add the flour and cook for 1 minute. Now gradually add the milk, stirring constantly, until the sauce thickens. Remove from the fire and stir in the cream. Poach the eggs separately, make light depression in the bean mixture and arrange a poached egg in each depression. Pour the sauce over and sprinkle with coriander leaves. Serve immediately.

EGG SALAD RING

9 hard-boiled eggs
360 grams mayonnaise
7 green onions, finely sliced
250 grams prawns, cleaned and boiled
1¼ tsp. salt
Pepper to taste
½ tsp. garlic paste
¾ tsp. Worcestershire sauce
½ tsp. chilli powder
1 tsp. prepared mustard
½ cup radishes, sliced
Salad greens
Salad dressing

Halve the hard-boiled eggs and keep aside. Combine mayonnaise, green onions, salt, pepper, Worcestershire sauce, prawns, chilli powder, garlic, mustard and radishes. Pour this mixture into the centre of a round dish. Arrange the eggs around the prawn mixture and garnish with chopped coriander leaves.

EGG AND CHEESE SOUP

4 eggs
½ cup cheese, grated
4 slices bread, trimmed
4 tbsps. butter
4 tbsps. tomato sauce
4 cups clear chicken or mutton stock
½ tsp. pepper
Salt to taste

Butter the slices of bread evenly and place each slice in an individual bowl. Bake in a hot oven (223° C.) until the bread has browned around the edges. Break an egg in the centre of each slice of toasted bread. Dot each with 1 tablespoon of tomato sauce, sprinkle with salt and pepper and pour 1 cup of stock over each. Sprinkle with the cheese, return to the oven and bake until the white of the eggs have set and the cheese has melted. Serve immediately.

STUFFED TOMATOES WITH EGG

3 eggs
6 large, firm tomatoes
2 onions, finely sliced
1 tbsp. coriander leaves, chopped
½ tsp. chilli powder
½ tsp. cummin seed powder
¼ tsp. turmeric powder
½ tsp. sugar
Salt to taste
Oil

Neatly slice off the tops of the tomatoes and keep aside. Remove the tomato pulp and mash well. Grease a baking dish and arrange the tomato cases in it. Heat the oil and fry the onions till golden brown. Add the powdered spices with the salt. Fry for 5 minutes. then add the tomato pulp and fry for a few minutes more. Beat the eggs well and add to the mixture. Stir until the mixture is thick and creamy. Remove from the fire and stir in the coriander leaves. Fill the tomato cases with the egg mixture and cover with the sliced-off tops. Place a small knob of butter on top of each and bake in an hot oven (233°C) until the tomatoes have cooked through.

CHICKEN CHEESE

4 joints of chicken
1 medium-sized onion, chopped
½ litre milk
1 tbsp. cornflour
8 tbsps. cheese, grated
Butter for frying
A pinch of mustard powder
1 tsp. sugar
1/3 cup cream
2 tbsps, vinegar
3 tbsps. ghee
Salt and pepper to taste

Rub the chicken joints with salt and pepper, then fry in butter till golden brown. Remove and put the chicken into a baking dish. Heat the ghee and saute the onion. Add the milk and simmer gently. Strain. Blend the cornflour with a little cold water and a little of the milk sauce and mix well. Add this cornflour mixture to the remaining milk sauce. Bring to the boil. Add vinegar, sugar, salt, pepper, mustard powder and cream. Pour this sauce over the chicken. Sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake in a moderate oven (177°C) until chicken is tender.

CHEESE CUPS WITH SAUSAGE MEAT

125 grams flour
125 grams cheese, grated
60 grams butter
A pinch of chilli powder
200 grams sausage meat
A pinch of mustard powder
½ cup spring onion, chopped
2 tbsps. coriander leaves, chopped
Milk and water

Knead together the flour, cheese, butter, chilli and mustard powder with a little water and milk to make a smooth pliable dough. Roll out Cut in circles and line small greased round pastry cups. Bake in a moderate oven (177°C.) for 10-15 minutes, cool and remove carefully from cups. Fry the sausage meat with the chopped onions and coriander leaves. Add a chopped tomato if desired. Cool and fill pastry cups. Place on a warm rack till serving time.

CHEESE AND TOMATO FLAN

51 cm pastry shell (baked)
180 grams cheese, grated
2 eggs
15 grams flour
¼ litre milk
Salt and pepper to taste
A little butter

Mix the cheese, flour, eggs and sufficient milk to make a soft paste. Spread this over the baked pastry shell and season with salt and pepper. Peel and slice the tomatoes and place them over the cheese mixture. Dot with butter and bake in a moderate oven (177° C.) for about 30 minutes.

NEW GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

Prize winners of our Weekly Contest will receive in addition to the usual Rs. 50.00 cash prize,

1) A 3-in-one Storefresh container from **TRUPTI INDUSTRIES,** Bombay, 2) a Gift Hamper from **WEIKFIELD** containing Weikfield's Custard Powder, Jelly Crystals, Baking Powder, Variety Custard Powder and Corn Flour, and 3) A 1000 ml. pack tin of pure Coconut Oil from **KMP OIL INDUSTRIES PRIVATE LTD.**, Cochin.

So, send in your original vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipes accompanied with a coupon to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay-400 023.

RECIPES FROM OUR READERS

Miss Philomena Tavares, Bombay.

COCONUT THALI CAKE

FOR THE FILLING :

- 2 fresh coconuts
- ½ kg sugar
- ½ kg sooji
- ¼ kg butter
- 6 eggs
- 1 tsp. vanilla essence

FOR THE PASTRY SHELL :

- ¼ kg flour (maida)
- 1 egg
- 125 grams sugar
- 125 grams butter

FOR THE FILLING :

Grate the coconuts. Melt the sugar, add the grated coconut and cook till sticky. Remove from the fire, cool and add vanilla essence. Separate the egg whites from yolks. Beat the egg yolks and butter well. Gradually add the sooji. Whip the egg whites till stiff and add it to the mixture. Pour in the cooked coconut and sugar and mix together.

FOR THE PASTRY SHELL :

Knead the flour with butter and sugar. Break in the egg. Knead well to a soft dough. Roll on a floured board into a fairly big chappati enough to fit the circumference of a large thali. Grease the thali and line it with this chappati. Pour the filling over and spread out evenly. Roll a similar chappati and cut into long strips. Decorate the top of the cake in a trellis pattern. Bake in a preheated moderate oven till brown. Cut into squares and serve.

Ashima Bhatia, Bombay.

BAKED JALEBI PUDDING

200 grams jalebi

- 100 grams butter
- 8 slices bread
- ½ litre milk
- 5-6 tbsps. sugar
- 3 eggs
- 50 grams cream or fresh malai

Butter all the slices of bread and put two together in form of a sandwich. Place these sandwiches in an oven proof dish or a pyrex bowl about eight-inches in diameter. Cover the base of the bowl fully by these sandwiches.

Put a layer of jalebi on top. Separate the whites from the yolks. Mix the yolks with milk and the sugar. Put it on low heat. Keep stirring till the mixture thickens, and coats the back of a wooden spoon. Do not let the mixture curdle.

Put half of this mixture on top of the sandwiches and jalebis. Beat the egg whites stiff and add to it the cream or beaten malai.

Beat it again till the mixture becomes thick. Add the remaining milk custard to this and mix it well. Pour half of this mixture in the bowl and put another layer of jalebi. Pour the rest of the mixture in the bowl and top it with 4-5 jalebis. Dot with butter.

Bake in a moderate oven for an hour or till the top is brown. Serve hot.

WEEKLY WINNER

A. S. ALLANA, Bombay.

Mrs. Allana wins Rs. 50 for this week's best recipe plus a 3-in-one Storefresh Container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Weikfield and a 1000 ml. Coconut Oil tin from KMP Oil Industries, Cochin.

DAHI DHOKLI

- 2 cups gramflour
- 1½ cup water
- ½ tsp. turmeric powder
- ½ tsp. chilli powder
- ¼ tsp. salt
- 1 tbsp. oil
- 2 onions, finely chopped
- 2 cups curd
- Few curry leaves

GRIND TO A PASTE :

- 1 pod garlic
- 4-5 green chillis
- ½ bunch coriander leaves
- 1 tsp. coriander seeds
- 1 tsp. cummin seeds
- ½ tsp. chilli powder
- ¼ tsp. turmeric powder
- ¼ tsp. salt

FOR THE DHOKLI :
Warm the water. Add turmeric, chilli powder, salt and one table spoon oil. When the water starts boiling, add the gram flour. Stir well. Form into a soft dough. Grease a thali and spread the dough evenly. When cool cut into diamond shapes.
In another dekchi, heat oil. Add the curry leaves and the chopped onions. Fry till golden brown. Add the ground masala and fry for 5 minutes. Put in the curds and mix well. Add the dhokli pieces and mix it well in the masala. Keep on slow fire for 5 minutes. Garnish with chopped coriander leaves before serving.

COOKERY CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENT

New Scheme For the Monthly Cookery Queen Contest

All cookery contestants for the Monthly Cookery Queen Contest will have to send in their recipe — non-vegetarian or vegetarian according to the subjects specified for each month. We give below subjects for the coming three months to enable you to send in your entries well in advance.

June, 1979
CURRY SPECIALITIES

July, 1979
TEA-TIME SNACKS

August, 1979
CUTLETS AND KABABS

All entries for June should reach us latest by May 10, July entries by June 5, and August entries by July 5.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. **Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.**
2. **The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.**
3. **The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.**

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

I WONDER WHAT YOU WERE LIKE WHEN YOU WERE LITTLE -
GEE - THAT WAS A LONG TIME AGO -
I REMEMBER THE OTHER KIDS WERE AFRAID OF ME BECAUSE I WAS SO BIG AND STRONG!
ALSO I REMEMBER BEING VERY POPULAR WITH THE GIRLS....THEY ALL THOUGHT I WAS CUTE -
AND, OF COURSE, I WAS A VERY GOOD ATHLETE - I WAS ALWAYS THE FOOTBALL HERO... OR BASEBALL STAR!
GEE!
TO SUM IT UP I GUESS YOU'D HAVE TO SAY I WAS JUST A BORN LEADER OF MEN -
1-28
BUT THEN WHEN I GREW UP AND WENT TO KINDERGARTEN....
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THAT'S A LAUGH!

St. Peter challenged the Archangel to a game of golf.

St. Peter's first drive resulted in a hole in one. Gabriel's first drive produced the same result.

St. Peter looked at Gabriel thoughtfully and said, "What do you say we cut out the miracles and play some golf?"

* * *

Warm-hearted wife: "I'm warning you. My husband will be home in an hour."

Mailman: "But I'm not doing anything."

Warm hearted wife: "That's why I'm warning you. If you are going to, you better hurry."

* * *

No wonder traffic lights turn red. You'd blush too if you had to change in the middle of the street.

* * *

One grandfather gave this advice: "Always remember there are two types of people in this world. Those who come into the room and say, 'Well here I am,' and those who come in and say, 'Ah, there you are.'"

* * *

Doctor: "Considering the weak state of your eyes, I would suggest it would be good for you to gaze into empty space."

Patient: "Thank you, doc. I'll keep looking into my wallet."

* * *

When Pop cleaned his gun on the front porch, the very next day his daughter had ten proposals of marriage.

* * *

Teacher: "What is it when I say 'I love you, you love me, he loves'?"

Student: "That's one of those triangles where somebody gets shot."

* * *

He: "When you married me, you promised to love, honour and obey."

She: "Well, I didn't want to start an argument in front of all those people."

* * *

"Larry, get your little brother's hat out of that mud puddle."

"I can't ma, he's got it strapped too tight under his chin."

* * *

The best surprise ending in literature is the borrowed book that comes back.

* * *

Girl: "Those artists. They see feminine beauty in everything they paint — to an artist, a chair is a woman, an umbrella is a woman, a hat rack is a woman..."

Friend: "They must go out on some awfully funny dates."

* * *

Photographer: "I've been taking wedding pictures for years."

Friend: "Tell me, at a wedding — who would you say smiles the most — the bride or the groom?"

Photographer: "The bride's father."

* * *

"I don't believe in all that junk about breaking mirrors and having seven years' bad luck. My uncle broke a mirror last week and he was killed in an accident the very same day."

Compiled by George Fegradoe

PHOTO COMPETITION RESULTS

Here are the results of the photographic competition for adults, which Eve's Weekly sponsored for the International Year of the Child, with the focus on disadvantaged children.

The judges were **MRS. GITA SIMOES, Graphic Design Consultant, Taj Magazine, MR. PREM SAGAR, A.F.I.A.P. renowned cinematographer and film director, and MR. PANNA JAIN, eminent consultant on Advertising design,** all experts in photography. They were unanimous in selecting Mr. T. Vishwanath as the best photographer and the first prize of Rs. 250 goes to him. Mr. T. Kasi Nath wins the second prize of Rs. 150. The other three photographs reproduced on this page were highly commended.

(1) "No Bed of Roses"
Photo: T. Vishwanath

(2) "Gujjar Girl and Boy"
Photo: T. Kasi Nath

(3) "Curious Kids"
Photo: Safia Mehdi

(4) "In the Rain"
Photo: Anand Krishna

(5) "Beating the Heat"
Photo: Subroto Mukerji

1.

2.

3.

4.

5.

GOOD NEWS... AND BAD

Hidden away in the more obscure corners of newspapers are interesting bits of news of particular significance to women.

ISLAM HERE AND ABROAD

DOHA (QATAR): Saudi Arabia has banned women from using swimming pools. A Royal decree circulated to all Jeddah hotels says: "It has been noticed that women are frequently attending hotel swimming pools and mixing with men which is against our religious education and the traditions of an Islamic country. A Royal decree has therefore been passed to alert and forbid women to use hotel swimming pools and you will be held responsible for any violation."

(Indian Express)

With orthodox Islamic regulations becoming the order of the day in many Islamic countries, particularly vis a vis Muslim women, one wondered how the changes outside would affect the Muslims in India. However, it was heartening to notice this report which indicates that our Muslim sisters here have not been cowed down, but in fact, are making themselves heard, demanding some of their rights.

PUNE: Nearly 100 people, many of them Muslim women, staged a day's hunger strike in front of the collectorate demanding the scrapping of the "talaq" (unilateral divorce system prevalent among the Muslim community) and application of the existing provisions related to marriage under the civil procedure code to all religions.

Prominent among the participants in the fast were Mr. Sayyad Bhai of the Muslim Satyoshodhak Samaj, Mrs. Sabis Beg, secretary of the City Muslim League, Dr. Baba Adhav, president of the Mahatma Phule Pratishthan and other representatives of the progressive organisations here.

Their character of demands to the Centre, submitted to the collector, also included the right to remarry for Muslim divorcee women, recognition to them as an economically weaker section and extension of the antibigamy law to Muslims.

(Times of India)

WIDOWHOOD Still A Curse

TRIVANDRUM: The State government has amended with retrospective effect from August last, the rules regarding the financial assistance to widows for marrying off their daughters. Accordingly, if the applicants are not responsible for the delay in disposing of the applications for assistanc, they will be entitled to receive the assistance even after the marriage has taken place, provided a certified copy of the voters list in which her name figures, or a certificate issued by a government medical officer (Allopathy) will suffice in the case of those whose birth had not been registered and those who had not joined a school.

(The Hindu)

Meanwhile, report from Delhi reveals the kind of trauma a widow is likely to go through in India. Left totally helpless after the death of her husband, and in addition, bearing the responsibility of children, the desperate woman so often feels that even death would be better than facing a wretched, painful life:

NEW DELHI: A 27-year-old widow, Dropadi Aggarwal, along with her three daughters, Mamta (10), Suman (7) and Madhu (5), allegedly committed suicide by sprinkling kerosene and setting themselves on fire in the locked kitchen of the house in Raghuwarpura, Gandhi Nagar. The incident took place around 6.30 p.m. when her eldest child, Rajesh had gone to watch the film on television in the neighbourhood. The landlord who stays in the same house was out of town.

No shrieks were heard by the neighbours, but the stench of burning bodies and the smoke brought them to the spot. They tried to extinguish the fire with buckets of water from outside the locked kitchen, but in vain. Finally, they unhinged the door only to find the mother and children dead in the tiny kitchen. The charred bodies were huddled togther, with blood oozing out on the floor. Mrs. Aggarwal was reported to be undergoing mental depression after her husband, who was a petty shopkeeper, died in a road accident.

(Hindustan Times)

WOMEN UNSAFE

A couple of months after the women's agitation in New Delhi against eveteasing, the authorities are still taking "measures" to curb such harassment of women. If "reports" are to be believed, the incidence of Eve-teasing has been decreasing. But women in Delhi still have a different story to tell about how prevalent it is yet. No matter whom one chooses to believe, the fact remains that the disgusting practice has not stopped, and certainly, all the steps taken to halt it have been working at snail speed. Now the police come up with a new idea.

NEW DELHI: Preparations of albums of Eve-teasers are one of the measures Delhi police propose to take to deal with Eve-teasing in the Capital, Minister of State for Home, Mr. S. D. Patil, informed the Rajya Sabha...Joint coordination committees of police and girl students are being formed separately for women's colleges in North and South Delhi campuses for a periodical review of this problem...

(Hindustan Times)

From Pune, comes another report, adding to the already long list of cases, where, policemen have molested women. It is a matter of shame that the very upholders of law and order indulge in such animal behaviour. How is the ordinary "goonda" to be controlled, when our policemen themselves turn criminals?

PUNE: The anti-corruption police here have caught a police inspector in the likely act of outraging the modesty of an American disciple of Rajneesh, 15-year-old Kendra Perry Cope. The inspector had allegedly advised the girl that he would be able to renew the visa for her stay in India if she offered some gratification in cash and if she consented to receive him in a hotel room. The girl informed the anti-corruption police who lay in wait. The inspector, who is the officer in the passport section of the office of Pune Police Commissioner, came to the hotel room and enjoyed drinks. Then he was alleged to have physically assaulted the girl and outraged her.

(Free Press Journal)

And it is not just in India that the woman is "unsafe" when she goes out on the roads as this item points out:

Three thousand militant feminists marched through the centre of West Berlin calling for a ban on men on the streets after dark. The women, masked or with their faces painted white, carried placards claiming that one woman was raped every 13 minutes. In Frankfurt, in the west of the country, 2,000 women staged a simultaneous demonstration to protest about the role of women in society.

(Times of India)

Compiled by Gouri Salvi

THE ANNAPURNA MAHILA MANDAL

helping poor women to earn a living

Mira Savara

THESE WOMEN WHO PROVIDE WORKERS WITH REASONABLY GOOD FOOD AT REASONABLE PRICES, HAVE BEEN FREED FROM THE MONEYLENDER'S CLUTCHES

A large proportion of the workers in Bombay city come to Bombay to work leaving their wives and children in their villages. This is because of the high expenses in the city and the lack of livng space. Sometimes it could also be because workers have a small plot of land somewhere. The woman can work on this, and add to the family income. The sex ratio figure in Bombay for 1971 which is 716 women for every 1000 males shows the extent of male migration into the city. (ICSSR, "Towards Equality", Report of the Committee on the Status of Women in India, p. 13.)

Once in Bombay, the male workers having got a job, have to find a place to sleep and eat. All over Parel and other working class areas, there are rooms where male workers can sleep for Rs. .. a month. There may be a ent' to forty people in a small 10' x 10' room often sleeping in shifts, but this is better than the open street. Eating at restaurants is not possible on a long term basis. Not only is it extremely expensive — a minimum of Rs. 5 a day — but the quality of food is suspect. Adulteration is common, and workers fi d that their health suffers ai d sickness follows. Also home-cooked food is more attractive than restaurant food which gets insipid and monotonous after a while.

A sort of intermediate type of cooking arrangement has developed over the years. Women from working class families have started cooking for groups of workers, usually for relatives of their families, or those from the same village, for a monthly payment.

In the small workers' chawls, housewives cook for from ten to 20 workers twice a day. The workers may come to the homes to eat for both the meals or, if the place of work is too far to come home, the food is taken by the worker in a packet or it is sent by a dabbawalla to the factory. The workers get this food for a cheaper price than they would at restaurants, plus they feel that they are getting better, more wholesome food.

But also important is the fact that as the workers are known to the families, during crises like lock-outs and strikes, the workers continue to be fed.

"There are probably over 50,000 women who are working in this manner in their homes," estimates one trade union worker.

"These women work for perhaps 8-10 hours a day in their kitchens, cleaning the grains, washing, cooking and cleaning. Most often, they don't have gas and use kerosene, and if that gets scarce or too expensive as it is currently, they resort to coal or wood. What they get for their labour is free food for the entire family. Usually they don't cook separately for themselves. The expenses of all the cooking comes from the money that the workers pay these women."

The charges? Rs. 80 a month, if the person has a ration card, for two meals and tea, Rs. 90 if no ration card is available.

"I saw the problems of these women for the first time during the 1973 textile strike which lasted for 42 days," says Prema Purav, the woman who originated the scheme and is president of the Mandal — also a CPI trade unionist for the past 25 years. "The general attitude towards these women is that they are charging the workers too much for the food and that they are generally exploiting the workers. However, during the strike I became aware of the fact that these women continue feeding the workers despite the fact that they are on strike for so long and cannot pay for the food. We actually saw cases where women were pawning their mangalsutras and their kitchen utensils to ensure that the striking workers could survive.

"The popular image of women is that they do not sympathise with strikes, that they urge their husbands to go back to work, but this is quite incorrect. Even these women, who have to feed workers without payment during this time, encourage them, tell them to continue until their demands are met. I also became aware of the terms on which these women had to take loans to continue feeding the workers. Interest was on the average 10 per cent a month, and once the women had taken the loans it became impossible for them to ever pay them back."

The incident which sparked off the scheme which now helps 4,500 women get loans at low interest from banks was a case where an old widow was in a desperate plight because the moneylenders were insisting she pay back her loans, which she was unable to. If only she could get some money at low interest, she moaned. "What is the meaning of bank nationalisation," she asked angrily, "if no help is available to the poorer sections of the community?"

She decided she should at least try. Luckily her husband works in a bank and he encouraged Prema to approach the bank for a loan.

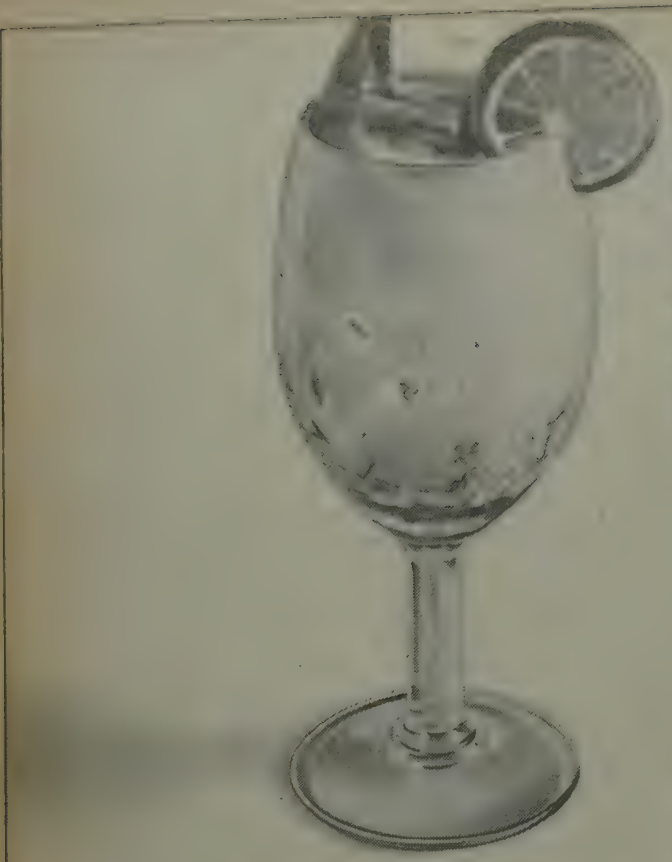
"We decided that we would not draw up the scheme for only one woman," Prema said, "that it was necessary to develop groups. If ten women could come together, we could get the banks to help. At first women were not ready to come forward to get loans. The moneylenders scared them saying that if they got government loans there would be regular inspections, that they would have to get medical certificates, that they had no licence, etc., etc. So the average woman was scared. But 14 women who knew us and knew that the moneylenders were using all means to ensure that we should remain in their clutches, came forward.

"The first scheme was drawn up after four days of continuous day and night work, and submitted to the Bank of Baroda in 1975. It was okayed in March 1976. A sum of Rs. 1500 was loaned to each woman for a 15-month period on an interest of 4 per cent a year. The total interest for 15 months came to just Rs. 75. If we had borrowed the amount from the moneylender we would have had to pay an interest of Rs. 150 a month!" No wonder they were overjoyed.

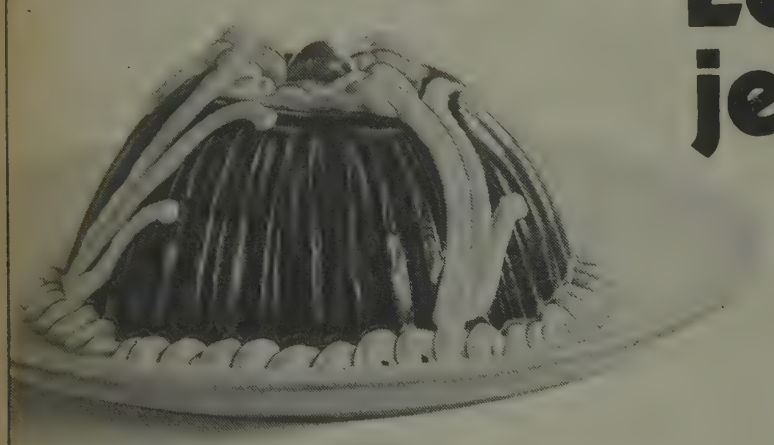
AVERAGE MONTHLY EXPENDITURE TO FEED 15 PEOPLE, INCLUDING FIVE OF THE WOMAN'S OWN FAMILY. ESTIMATES ARE APPROXIMATES AND PROVIDED BY SOME OF THE WOMEN WHO HAVE RECEIVED LOANS.

13 kg. oil	Rs. 7.20 a kg.	Rs.	93.60
12 kg. dal	Rs. 5.50 a kg.	Rs.	66.00
150 kg. wheat	Rs. 1.80 a kg.	Rs.	270.00
80 kg. rice	Rs. 2.00 a kg.	Rs.	160.00
2½ kg. vegetables daily	Rs. 2.50 a kg.	Rs.	150.00
80 litres kerosene	Rs. 1.50 a litre	Rs.	120.00
3 times a week meat/fish	Rs. 10 a kg.	Rs.	120.00
Masalas		Rs.	100.00
Milk, tea, sugar	Rs. 30 a week	Rs.	120.00
		Rs.	1,199.60

Income: 15 x Rs. 80 = Rs. 1200



Leonard keeps shrimps fresh in Singapore



Leonard sets jelly in Jabalpur

Leonard keeps Meenakshi smiling in Madras

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THE ANNAPURNA MAHILA MANDAL

Since then, the scheme has grown to cov r 4500 and it is expanding to cover other occupations like vegetable sellers, and rag pickers.

The Annapurna Mandal, which is now a registered society and Trust, consists of 4,500 members. From among the members a 60-woman committee is elected, which meets once a month to take decisions regarding the operations of the society.

The process for getting a loan is as follows: There are local committees in 11 centres of the city — all in the working class areas of Byculla, Lalbaug, Chinchpokli, BDD Chawls, Worli Koliwada, Currey Road, Lower Parel, Deslisle Road, Fergussan Road, Naigaum and Prabhadevi. The committee consists of some women from the area and some men. Men become essential as over 99 per cent of the women are illiterate, and forms need to be filled, accounts kept, etc. This committee meets once a week.

A woman who needs a loan comes to the committee, which checks the number of workers she feeds, the condition of her family, and whether she will be able to pay back the loan. Once her credentials have been established, the committee waits till ten women from the area get together. Though each woman fills out an individual form, there is collective responsibility for the repayment of the loan by the group of ten. If one woman in the group does not repay the loan, the entire ten suffer, because it disqualifies the rest of the group for another loan. This collective responsibility creates the pressure to ensure repayment. The recovery rate is a high 97 per cent and the total amount lent out is not small — it comes to almost Rs. 50 lakhs.

"We used to be very worried about the repayment procedures," Prema said. "The women are all illiterate and they were frightened of the banks which are such cold, formal places with which they are totally unfamiliar. Also, to go to the bank means wasting two/three hours which would be difficult as they had to cook the morning meal. I did not want to be responsible for collecting such a large amount of money. So we figured out a scheme: once a month a person from the bank comes to the centre on a fixed date and collects the dues."

Ashalata Kowde is a typical member of this Mandal. Originally from the Konkan area, her mother-in-law has been supplying food to workers for the past 20-25 years. Her husband is a textile mill worker who, after all deductions, brings home about Rs. 250 a month. She has four children. Her house is a 120-square-foot room in an old slum with electricity. The room has been partitioned to form a large kitchen, and a room with a bed and chest of drawers. There is no window in the kitchen. Above the kitchen they have built a sort of attic which increases the floor area.

Considering that the small kitchen feeds 20, it is remarkably clean. The food is kept in large vessels — rice in one, dal in another, a vegetable in the third. As workers come in, they are given food in thalis — as much as they want. It takes Ashalata about 6-8 hours to do all the work with her mother-in-law's help.

"How do you like the work?" I asked a group of three women.

"It's difficult to ever get out of the house. I feel trapped in the kitchen all day. Sometimes I don't even get time to have a bath, because people are dropping in to eat all the time," complained one.

"I would prefer a factory job. At least you have fixed hours of work. Better still, one gets to go out of the house, out of the locality, and meet new people and do different things," said the second.

"Every day it's the same thing — clean the rice, cut the vegetables, cook! And we don't get to meet anyone and chat. The workers who come are in a hurry to eat and go back," was the comment of the third.

Thus this work, which is just an extension of the woman's normal chores as a housewife, increases her sense of isolation even further. It makes it even more difficult for her to get out of the four walls of the kitchen. However, this shows that communal cooking would drastically reduce the the number of hours spent in a kitchen. To cook for four would take four hours — to cook for 20 would take about eight.

However, the fact that they are capable of getting a bank loan seems to have made a tremendous difference to the women.

Leelatai, vice-president of the Mandal, had this to say: "99 per cent of the women are illiterate, but now they have begun to sign their names. They are even expressing a desire to learn to read and write, and how to keep accounts. So, we are planning to start night classes soon.

"Women have also become more assertive towards their husbands. Earlier, even though they were earning and helping to support the family, there were several instances of wife beating. Now women say, 'You can go and drink, but you have no right to beat me.' It is almost as if the fact that the bank has noticed them, found them eligible for loans, makes them feel that they have their own human worth. It could also be the fact that they meet other women from their own locality. To a small extent the Annapurna Mandal has helped them to break out of their isolation.

"And thirdly, a surprising side effect. The women are voluntarily coming forward for sterilisation. Previously, they could never find the time necessary to go for an operation because the operation and rest period meant up to a month's absence from work. Now, with the loan, they can pay someone to help in the work.

"And every woman has now started saving, and has an average of about Rs. 200 in the bank for emergencies. This also gives her a feeling of importance."

The Annapurna Mandal has shown the potential for self-employed woman. With the reduction in employment of women in factories, more and more women take up work on their own to help support their families. Some go into vegetable selling, some into small handicrafts.

These do not bring a large income, but it was so much worse when women had to borrow money at high rates of interest, before they banded together to lead a life of human dignity.

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YOUNG VIEWPOINT

A forum for young people to express their opinions, share news about their activities and get to know more about each other

IF I WERE A PARENT AND MY CHILD CAME HOME DRUNK

THE TWO BEST ENTRIES IN RESPONSE TO OUR INVITATION TO SEND VIEWS ON THIS TOPIC ARE PUBLISHED HERE

My first reaction would be, "What you need is a hot cup of black coffee, can I make it for you?" And so saying, tuck him in bed — no matter what his age. The necessary beverage would be provided, and his room light switched off.

Undoubtedly, he would soon be snoring. Next morning, to help him get over his probable hang-over, I would give him a couple of aspirins with his morning tea and calmly say, "I think you should stay at home today."

No, I'm not being a hep westernized mother who does not care two hoots for her son and his habits. I'm being practical; at least I think so. After all, I did teach him in his growing years the difference between the good and bad of life. And besides that, this first time might have been an experiment for the sake of an experience. I do not know the facts yet, so how can I judge? But with bad company and wrong habits (my obvious silent fear), I would keep quiet this time and wait patiently. I would indulge in gentle teasing of his drunken state, and a couple of days later get down to a friendly chat with him — may be during lunch — any time when we would be alone together.

Then casually, as if it were a matter of small interest to me, I'd ask him, "But what made you do such a thing?" He would answer me as this was the moment of friendship, mutual trust and good faith. I would soon know the truth. It could have been to escape an adolescent or nagging problem — it could be anything. And at that moment of perfect communication between mother and son, I would gently draw him into a discussion, not an argument, but I would discuss with him what being drunk is all about.

I wouldn't tell him that it's a crime, but make him realize for himself the ill effects, the retardation of one's personality, the suffering that alcohol causes. It would be a mature talk, I would treat him like a grown up — I have to make him realize for himself. He is young, impressionable, he will learn slowly. I would have faith in him and in myself — he would not repeat the mistake again.

There's no way of teaching one's child but the gentle way.

Kiran Bhatia

It is a tall order. Imagining you are a parent. Anyway, suppose I am a parent. I am in my drawing room. It is late, past midnight. My son has gone to a party and has not returned yet. I am angry and worried. I am pacing the floor. I have consumed six cups of coffee and two tablets of aspirin. The mother of my son is weeping in her room. I ring up a couple of his friends. I do not get any answer. I seriously consider ringing up the police.

Then I hear a commotion outside. I open the door and find that my son is staggering inside the front gate supported by some of his friends. He comes near and I smell the alcohol on his breath. My son has come home roaring drunk. I am shocked. Several emotions cross my mind — anger, disgust, pity, but anger dominates. I slap my son hard, once, twice. He falls on the floor and gets sick. My wife comes running from inside. I turn away and go to my bedroom. Tears of frustration pour down my face.

My lovable son, always so obedient, so good in his studies, what has happened to him? I calm down. This is something serious. Not to be taken lightly. I must think it over. I decide to sleep over the matter. My wife has somehow put him to bed. But I am not able to sleep. I smoke two packets of cigarettes. I think about this unfortunate crisis the whole night.

Somehow, somewhere I must have failed him. But where? I have provided him with the best school, good food and decent clothing. There is no history of alcoholism in the family. Still, something is amiss. Only one person has a clue to the problem — my son, who is snoring away, sleeping a drunkard's sleep. I must have a man to man talk with him.

What our talk reveals is astonishing. He agrees I am giving him good education, food and clothes. But where is the guidance a father is supposed to give his son? Do I ever have time to talk to him? Do I know what his problems are? I have been too busy earning money. Busy with my own friends, my personal problems. He knows a few of his friends who have a wonderful relationship with their fathers. They are not afraid of their fathers, they are like friends. They discuss their mutual problems and help each other solve them.

My astonishment turns to self-realization. It is true I have been a demon in the house. I wanted so much to be obeyed that I have become a dictator. I had never cared for my son's feelings. I never bothered to know what he wanted. I only knew what I wanted.

I tell him so, but a shadow of doubt crosses his face. Was I up to my old tricks? He looks directly into my eyes. All the words in the world could not say what my eyes told him. "I never had any faith in your goodness son. But forget it. I trust you, you are a man now, and from now on I'll treat you as one."

He rewards me with a wonderful smile, though his eyes are moist. I could understand each and everything he wanted to say. We shook hands.

Ajay Dikshit

Continued from page 19

there are, fortunately for both of them, hardly any likelihood of either of them being transferred around, and with their "nightmare of having to live miles apart for the sake of jobs, which meant so much to each of us, and gave us a great deal of satisfaction," far, far behind them, they live happily in this metropolis.

One seldom heard of career woman among the armed forces wives, so I spoke to a very senior Air Force officer's wife who had been a career minded woman, before she opted for marriage. She said, "here it's got to be one or the other. A woman has far too many commitments and responsibilities as a wife and mother. Take for example, children's education. The husband gets posted to, invariably, a remote area, and the wife has to stay on in the city while the kids are studying," Mrs. S. said. Speaking from the experiences of her many years in the forces, she has only come across a couple of instances where the wife lives separately for the sake of her career, but this is more the exception than the rule. so she chose not to comment on it as their reasons must be valid.

"The two careers which present no problem are teaching and medicine," she continued. Of the former, "The wife can be employed at the chain of Kendriya Vidyalayas of which practically every Air Force station has one or, alternatively, there are local schools which are only too happy to employ service wives as they make better teachers. Honestly, school principals feel that these wives have a built in sense of discipline, punctuality, organisation which is lacking in their civilian counterparts. I have been told this by many schools, even in Delhi," she said justifiably proud of her lot. "The only handicap is that they know they are going to lose a good teacher in a couple of years with the husband's next posting out".

Speaking of the medical profession, there are many women doctors who are not only married to service officers, but are in the services themselves, enjoying the same privileges as

LOW PRIORITY FOR WIFE'S CAREER?

their husbands. The Air Force, according to Mrs. S, is very accommodating about posting husbands and wives together. Even doctors in private practice face no career problem with their husband's moves because of the dearth of their kind in the country. "This (with teaching taking second place), I feel, is the best career for women married into the armed forces. Prestigious, well-paying and respected, and it can be continued practically anywhere in the world," she explained.

"Many wives are keen on civilian jobs, but any company which is going to impart some kind of initial training is reluctant to give a job unless the lady is willing to sign a minimum three-year bond. Besides, you must be aware that the Government doesn't allow us wives to work for any concern that has any foreign collaboration whatsoever, no matter how remote, and no matter what country," she added. So this limits their choice.

There are the hobby-type careers which many a wife pursues — painting, writing, flower-decoration, dancing, etc. These are compatible with a service life, but any other profession, save the two we discussed in the beginning (medicine and teaching), are definitely out. Even these hobbies are dependent upon the station of posting, the availability of material in some cases, and thus, as most of our stations are in remote areas, the scope is further narrowed. But this doesn't necessarily mean that we women are at a loose end," Mrs. S. continued. "For when the husband holds certain posts of responsibility, such as a commanding officer of his station, the wife will accept her share of the responsibility and help with the welfare side of the station. While we do have proper welfare officers, etc. the seniormost lady of the station can do a tremendous amount for the wives and children if she is interested, and the morale, tone and atmosphere of the station do depend very much upon her attitude. In such cases, it may be preferable for the wife to help the husband's career by shouldering the duties expected of her, rather than take up a job of any kind," concluded this Air Commodor's wife.

Wisely, now with her aspirations of a career well forgotten, she is doing a very useful job in her own circle, acting, as she put it, as the guide and mentor to the wives of her husband's station.

After this is was interesting to meet the Abrahams and the Devs — two couples, to whom transfers posed many more problems than just careers, which they had to give second place to on account of the circumstances.

The Abrahams have moved 11 times in 13 years! Their shortest posting was of three months. "We didn't know we were going to move again so soon, so we just about got everything set — even hung the pictures on the wall, when we were told it was time we started taking them off again", Usha said, laughing ruefully.

Initially it wasn't all that bad when Nandita, their 11-year-old daughter was in nursery school, but on a couple of their last transfers, "it was by sheer perseverance or use of the political powers that we managed to get her into good schools. And in one where we really had to strive hard, she was there just for four months — for it took us six months to get her in, and by then our next posting was due," she recollected.

The teacher in her laments the vagaries of the education system, differing from one part of the country to the other. The first three months is the tough adjustment period and the third language has been the proverbial pain in the neck. Now the parents have decided upon putting her into a boarding school when next they move out of Bombay.

Acommodation—they have no complaints on that front. The company provides this. Usha's job is another aspect that has suffered. "Transfers haven't done it any good. I'm interested in teaching (she's doing that at the Catering College, along with working for her Ph.D). First you have to wait for a vacancy to come along. You barely get in, when you're out again ! It's more difficult for me as my field is a narrow one and doesn't leave me much to choose from," she says.

But all said and done, "we love this kind of life. Alex adores his job. We would never like to exchange it for a non-transferable one, because of the experience it involves — seeing places, meeting people and being exposed to various cultures. Not just us alone, but the children have also learnt a lot from this," she felt.

Meet the Devs. Atul works with an international airline. His job gives him all the satisfaction that he expects from it. He is envied his frequent business trips abroad, and the family their holidays — anywhere in the world. His wife Asha was a doctor by profession. She was considerably well settled till they started being posted around.

"All the practice I put in now is on my husband, the kids, and our dog," she admits. So, she had to find an alteranative occupation – as well as continue to bring in that extra bit of money. "It had to be some kind of a job that I could 'carry' around with me," and with this in mind, she took to journalism about seven years ago. During their last posting, she was the local representative of a leading women's magazine. Fortunately, with this posting, she has not only been absorbed by the magazine she worked for, but has found openings in other periodicals too as a free lance journalist.

"Fortunately my parents were posted here when we moved, so we had a roof over our heads," Atul said. But the elder Devs are going to retire within the next few months and releasing their company flat. Where do Atul, Asha and the kids go then? Rents are exorbitant, that's if they find something. They put an ad. in the paper. Only two people responded, and neither proposition was feasible.

"We don't mind the transfers, but I wish the company would give us some decent accommodation. Frankly, I, and I am sure there are many other wives in this company who would agree with me, would readily forfeit our free tickets for a house," she suggests hopefully.

TRUE CONFESSION

YOU CANNOT CHEAT THE STARS

At the age of twenty-seven my world fell apart. It was not marital disharmony, nor even the death of the marriage partner. It was something so horrible that I am afraid of even mentioning it. In fact, when the doctor first told me, I did not believe him.

It started out as a small discoloration on my cheek. I noticed it when I was shaving. I did not pay much attention to it because I was getting late for work. We had had a late night because my wife Ela had invited some old friends over for dinner. It was a reunion after many years and by the time they left it was almost midnight.

Ela and I had got married a year ago — one of those marriages which seem to be made in heaven. From the moment my mother showed me her photograph, I had wanted no one else. Her parents were contacted and her father brought her down to Allahabad so we could see her. Her parents were orthodox and we were not allowed to go out together in spite of the fact that I had approved Ela on the spot — before the tea grew cold, as the saying goes. Ela was still studying in her final year at college and I was constrained to wait till she had finished. She was exceedingly beautiful and gentle — in fact she had all the qualities I desired in a wife.

There was some trouble regarding the marriage, not from my side but from hers. I heard about it from my mother. Three days after Ela and her family had left Allahabad, a letter came from them. Mother did not show it to me, but I could guess there was some hitch. I badgered her with questions till she finally said, "The girl's side are putting some hurdles in the way of the alliance."

I was amazed because they had seemed willing enough in the beginning. "You mean they are not willing?" I asked, stung to the quick. I considered myself a fairly, personable young man and I had a fairly good job, too suited to my foreign qualifications.

"It is not so simple," she said.

"What is it then?" I asked in surprise.

"I gave them your horoscope. They have compared it with the girl's and showed them to a professional astrologer, because her father felt he might, have made some mistake in the caculations. He has confirmed their worst fears."

"I don't have an inkling of what you're trying to get at," I cried.

I belonged to the new school of thought, being modern on account of my foreign education which had shaken off the effects of a conservative upbringing. But my parents, reared as they were in religion and old values, still set store by horoscopes.

'The man says this marriage will not work," she said softly.

"Who is he to say so? Ela and I will make it work," I cried. "Mother, I told you I would marry no one else."

"I know," she said, "but what can we do? If they had not compared horoscopes, it might have been different. But having shown them to a professional, her parents are averse to going ahead with the alliance."

"I don't care how you do it," I cried, "but you are going to do it. I refuse to marry anybody else."

I took it so much to heart that I hardly ate. I immersed myself in work, smoked heavily and started drinking. I went about with red-rimmed eyes and hollows in my cheeks.

Mother said to father, "If he doesn't marry the girl he wants, he will kill himself pining."

Two months later father undertook a journey to Delhi to see if he could persuade them to change their minds. Two things happened in Delhi that changed the course of my life. Ela's father suffered a heart attack, his very first and he succumbed to it. The second was more conclusive. Father gently wheedled the astrologer to change his predictions to suit my need. The man was first averse, but gave in on being offered one thousand rupees. Ela's mother, broken hearted by the death of her husband, was a passive rag doll with no resistance. Besides, Ela's elder brother probably foresaw that the burden of Ela's marriage would fall on him if things were delayed any longer. All these things worked in my favour. It was decided to have the ceremony within a year of the old man't death, according to custom.

I was radiantly happy, imagining I had tricked the fates. Ela was everything I had expected and more. In the months immediately following our marriage I was the happiest man on earth. My office had given me a flat befitting my status and I moved into it with Ela, in spite of mother's entreaties to stay on in the ancestral house. As I saw it, a young married copule had to have both freedom and responsibility in equal measure to reach maturity in marital relations. Living on in the old house, we would get neither.

Ela was a dutiful housewife. She cooked and cleaned and kept house for me to my entire satisfaction. We were well matched temperamentally, too. Within a year of our marriage Ela became pregnant and we looked forward with infinite joy to the new arrival.

One night, some friends of hers from Delhi dropped in and were persuaded to stay for dinner. Ela was on her feet all the time and prepared a wonderful meal. The next day I was late getting up. Shaving hurriedly, I dressed up and came to breakfast. She stared at my face.

She had laid the table and was buttering a slice of bread for me. "You've cut yourself," she said. "There's blood oozing from your cheek."

"Oh," I said, putting my hand to my face. My fingers felt sticky as I drew it away.

"Don't," she said. "I will get some cotton wool."

The concerned wife. I relaxed while she got me a piece of sterilised cotton soaked in shaving lotion, a natural antiseptic. I daubed it on my cheek, expecting a tingling, burning sensation but there was nothing. In a little while the bleeding stopped. I threw away the cotton, but not without a strange feeling of unreality. It seemed as if I had become insensitive to pain. At work that day, I was so

busy I hardly gave the matter another thought. When I got home, the sight of Ela reminded me.

"Ela, I wonder if you can get me some cigarettes from the corner shop? I should have collected them myself, but I forgot."

"You relax," she said. "I need the exercise anyway."

She was sweet. She gave me a fleeting smile and steppd out of the front door. The moment she had gone, I went to the bathroom mirror. Quickly I removed the blade from my shaving kit and made a cut on the back of my hand. Blood spurted angrily. I held my hand under the tap and it stung with the rush of cold water. Ela came back.

"What is it" she asked. "How did you cut your hand?"

"It's nothing,' I said. "I was sharpening a pencil."

'It's funny place to get cut though. I would have thought your finger would be a more likely place."

"The blade slipped," I said.

"Oh. Anyway, have your coffee. I got it ready for you, just before you came in. It's under the tea cosy."

I went to get it. As she came to the dining room and deposited the cigarettes on the table, I watched her with pride. She was large with child and the thought that we had nurtured a new life together gave me an intense feeling of fulfilment.

The next morning, while I shaved, I purposely nicked myself at the spot where there was the slight discoloration. I bled quite profusely, but again there was no pain. I soaked some cotton in my shaving lotion and daubed my cheek. Ela brought me a towel for my bath.

'What's wrong with you?" she asked. "You've cut yourself again?"

She was looking strangely at me.

"It's nothing," I said. "A minor mishap."

"But everyday?" she asked.

"I'm getting old," I said with a laugh. "I've crossed twenty-seven you know."

She put her hands on my shoulders.

"I'm worried about you," she said. I kissed her lightly on the lips. "I love you," I said.

That evening, instead of going straight home, I went to a doctor who had a dispensary quite close to my office. He had treated Ela twice for fever and I knew him slightly better than the other doctors in the vicinity. He was a middle aged man with thin hair and spectacles, which gave him an air of wisdom.

"Oh, hello." he said. "Does your wife have fever again?"

"No," I said. "This time I have come for myself."

I sat down and explained my problem to him. He examined me under a bright light and said, "I will give you some ointment. The patch will probably go away."

"Will feeling return?"

"Maybe," he said. "Let us see."

With these dubious words he despatched me. When I got home Ela asked, "You're so late. I was worried."

"I'm sorry," I said. "I got talking to a friend I met after ages."

"You should have brought him home. Who was it anyway?"

I didn't reply. She glanced at my face. I looked away.

'You're hiding something from me, aren't you?"

"No, nothing at all."

WHEN THE DREAD DISEASE ATTACKED ME, HAD I BUT TOLD MY WIFE INSTEAD OF TRYING TO HIDE THE UGLY TRUTH FROM HER, OUR MARRIAGE MIGHT HAVE BEEN SAVED PERHAPS

She didn't protest, but long after midnight, when she thought I was asleep, I heard her crying into her pillow. I did not go to her with reassurance, because I was so terribly depressed myself. She was evidently harbouring the delusion that I was being unfaithful to her. I could not dispel her fears without confessing my plight.

A few weeks later I had to go Bombay on tour.

"Can I go to Delhi?" she asked. "To my mother?"

"Of course." I said, "but will it be safe to travel in your condition?"

"It is just a night's journey," she said.

"Why don't you go and stay with my parents instead?"

I saw tears in her eyes. I had never refused her anything.

"Ela," I said. "What's the matter? Why are you crying?"

"You don't love me any more," she said.
"It isn't true, Ela," I cried.

"It is. Otherwise why would you refrain from sex for so many weeks."

"You won't understand," I said.

"I understand perfectly. It is because you have found somebody else."

"Please, Ela..." I tried to touch her. She shook off my hand. I didn't confess my worst fears. I had read a magazine article a month ago. It told the true story of a man struck with leprosy and how the disease ate away all sensation till his flesh began to fall away. I had had nightmares about it and every time I tried to touch Ela, the image had swum in front of my eyes making me withdraw. I thought of her getting the disease through my contact, of the unborn child within her catching it, too.

I had purposely got myself detailed for this official tour of Bombay with the intention of contacting the leper home in Wadala and explaining my plight. I still nursed a ray of hope that they would pronounce a negative verdict.

She was sobbing uncontrollably now.

"I would never have married you if it hadn't been for father's death," she said.

"Ela!" I cried, stricken that she should bring it up now.

"Yes. You may as well hear it because as I see it now, our marriage is finished. I am going away to mother and I will not return."

"Ela, please try to understand."

"Actually, even before the astrologer pronounced the verdict, I had refused to marry you. I told father I saw something mean in your eyes. I didn't know why, but I had this feeling about you the very first time I saw you. I almost sensed in an uncanny way that things would not go right with us."

I was flabbergasted.

"Why did you marry me then?" I asked amazed.

"On account of my brother." she said. "He literally forced me into it. But I see now that I should not have done it. I should have left home even if it meant earning my own living. At least I would have been spared the humiliation of bringing an innocent child into a broken home."

I turned away. The truth was too hard to take. After the uneasiness of my own fears of having contacted a dread disease, I could not face her rejection of me. If only I had known her true feeling in the beginning! But she had successfully masked her revulsion in a drama of sweetness and gentleness and won my love.

"Go away, Ela," I said, "if that's the way you feel about me I won't try to hold you back. Maybe you have a much better life awaiting you elsewhere."

That was how she left me. I went away to Bombay and approached the leper home and they confirmed my fears. They put me on a drug which was the latest treatment for leprosy, but told me it was a long-term cure and would probably take years. I got a transfer to Bombay and continued my treatment. Mother wrote from Allahabad that Ela gave birth to a son in Delhi. I replied vaguely, not telling her about my condition. Ela wrote to my father about the break-up of our marriage, simultaneously sending me legal papers to institute divorce proceedings.

My parents were shocked. I was noncommittal. They tried to peruade us to make it up, but both Ela and I were firm. Today the divorce has come through. I have never set eyes on my son and Ela has got custody of the child. Perhaps it is for the best. He will never know he was sired by a leper.

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THE TEN RICHEST WOMEN IN THE WORLD

Richard Baker

This is the second and concluding part of the feature, "Ten Richest Women in the World", in which the writer describes the wealth and life styles of six of the more colourful among them

Elizabeth of England

Christina Onassis Andreadis.

Doris Duke

The Begum

Curiously enough, such has never been the case with the American Tobacco Company (Pall Mall, Tareyton, Lucky Strike) heiress Doris Duke, who, incidentally shares a former husband with Barbara Hutton. Doris's father, James Buchanan Duke, died when she was thirteen, and when she was twenty-one, in 1933, she came into a fortune currently estimated at over $200 million, earning her at the time the proclamation URBI ET ORBI — the world's richest girl.

Hers was a rather larger fortune than the one inherited that same year by Barbara Hutton, but the public has never disliked Doris Duke. She was deb at Newport, presented at court at Buckingham Palace, has owned sumptuous estates of great luxury but the temperament is very different.

It is revealing that Doris Duke considers her war work during the World War II as the happiest time in her life. She turned over her Diamond Head estate in Hawaii to the U.S. Military as a rest centre for officers back from Pacific combat duty, turned over her yacht to the U.S. Navy. She got her first job, at a dollar a year, working for the United Seamen's Service, a sort of USO operation for merchant seamen.

But the money got in the way, and as the postwar years slipped by, she receded deep into the lap of luxury. Doris Duke owns some quite incredible homes. The Dukemansion on Fifth Avenue in Manhattan, with its millions of dollars in art and furnishings, is now a public museum. but Shangri-La, the Diamond Head palace she got back from the Armed Forces at the end of the war, is still her very own. Walls of Persian tiles, a bathroom inlaid with jade, her own suite in white alabaster, appointments in pearl. One dining-room wall, as first installed, was an aquarium where tropical fish swam amid white coral. The diving board at the swimming pool had a hydraulic elevator. That kind of place. A Hawaiian Taj Mahal

Aside from her houses, however, Doris Duke does not spend on extravagant display. She eats in small restauraonts, likes jazz, reads, is an enthusiastic traveller to some pretty unluxurious places.

Nor has money entirely insulated her from unhappiness. While still in her first marriage, she gave birth to a premature baby who lived only twenty-four hours. She has never had another. In 1966 she accidentally killed a friend, Eduardo Tirella, a movie-set designer who was riding with her in her station wagon. He stepped out to open a gate. She shifted into the wrong gear. He was crushed to death. Afterward, she was in shock. Tirella was widely rumoured to be her lover — last of the names to have been linked with Doris romantically — but having known him personally, I am sceptical.

Doris's perhaps most unsuitable romantic escapade took place in her "Harper's Bazaar days in Paris, when she met and married the same Dominican playboy who later married Barbara Hutton — Porfirio Rubirosa (he, too, was eventually to die in a car accident).

And how would a person know, back in 1933 when Doris Duke inherited all that money, but no one for a second thought of letting her — being merely female — run the American Tobacco Company, that the day would come when a fantastically rich heiress would actually be entrusted with the directorship of Daddy's mighty empire? It is a vibrant sign of the times. I'm talking, of course, about Christina Onassis Andreadis, sole surviving heir of Aristotle Onassis — and she a scant twenty-five.

Publicity notwithstanding, the Onassis shipping fleet is ranked as only tenth in the world, but on the other hand, Onassis owned it all himself, and with Olympic Airways and the Olympic Tower on Fifth Avenue in New York, the Onassis interests at the time of his death were estimated at about a billion dollars. Since, under the terms of her father's will, almost half the income from all his business holdings is to go to Christina, she probably qualifies, in theory at least, as the richest woman in the world, worth some half a billion dollars, a nice round figure. In addition to which Ari left his daughter a few other baubles: an apartment on Avenue Foch in Paris; a summer home in Athens; a super summer home, the island of Skorpios (75 per cent) in the Ionian Sea; not to mention the huge yacht CHRISTINA (75 per cent), named after her to begin with, PLUS a quarter-million-dollar-a-year allowance for life — on top of the profits from the Onassis interests.

Underneath the Cucci-Pucci-Maxim routine catalogued so fastidiously in the gossip columns, Christina's life sounds as if it has been more fun in the reading than the living. Neglected by her divorced parents, Christina utterly loathed Ari's famous paramour, Maria Callas. Then came her father's marriage to Jackie Kennedy, of whom she doesn't seem much fonder. (Christina's first, brief marriage, to Joseph Bolker, an American more than twenty-five years her senior, appears to have been in revenge.)

Equally disturbing blows were to come from Mummy's side of the family. Her mother's sister Eugenia, had married her father's archrival, Greek shipping magnate Stavros Niarchos. In 1970 Eugenia died, officially a suicide but with strange bruises on her body. Whereupon Chistina's mother, Tina, married her sister's

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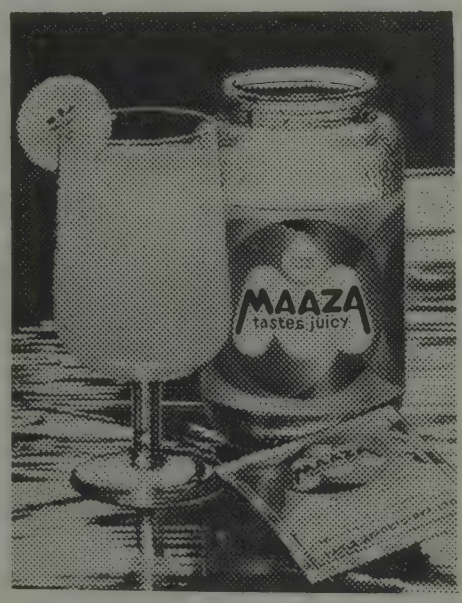

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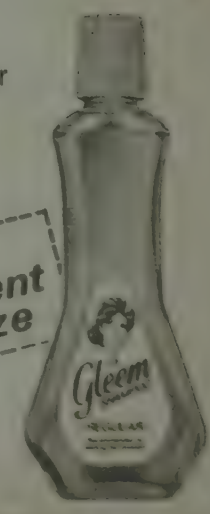

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THE TEN RICHEST WOMEN IN THE WORLD

widower, making Niarchos both Christina's uncle and stepfather. The grim series had begun. Two years ago Christina's brother, Alexander, crown prince of the Onassis empire, was killed in a plane crash. Last year her mother died, a rumoured suicide. This year her father.

Following her brother's death, Christina herself had taken an overdose of sleeping pills, reported as a suicide attempt. The official explanation is that it was accidental, but be that as it may, if transportation to the hospital hadn't been swift, she would be dead. And now, having once touched bottom, or so let us hope, Christina Onassis has found herself a second husband, Alexander Andreadis, a rich fellow Greek, whose family owns three banks, two shipyards, a canning plant, a fertilizer plant, and the Athens Hilton. He loves vintage motorcars and has several Rolls Royces and a Hispano-Suiza, not to mention his motorcycles. And as they roar off into the glittery realm of high Greek finance on Alexander's Honda, Christina up behind, I say, GOOD LUCK TO YOU TWO KIDS.

With that farewell, let me introduce you to another lady I've met, the fabulous Begum, widow of the Aga Khan, stepmother of the late Aly Khan (one time husband of Rita Hayworth). Now the Begum was born Yvette Labrousse, daughter of a modest streetcar conductor in a small town near Marseilles, France. And she won this beauty contest and became Miss France in 1930. And she stands about six feet tall and has a very commanding presence, and I personally am not the least bit surprised that, using Miss France as her launching pad, she married the Aga Khan, thirty-one years her senior, and became one of the richest women in the world.

This imposing ex-beauty queen who started life with the Aga Khan as his social secretary and converted to Islam to marry him, has made the pilgrimage to Mecca. Today she owns a splashy jewellery collection (including a fifty-two-carat diamond ring), race horses, a yacht, a superb villa overlooking the Nile seven hundred miles south of Cairo, and an equally superb villa in the hills behind Cannes, on the French Riviera.

It is sometimes put about that since the Aga Khan's death she has been living in semi retirement, withdrawn, but every time I see her at the Cannes Film Festival, she is strutting about, full of herself, dressed to the ninety-nines. The Festival jury usually sits at her villa while deciding the prizes, and the Begum sashays in and out of the supposedly sequestered deliberations with supreme assurance. Not that the jury could dictate to her if it tried. On her own turf, the Begum is a scrapper.

No question about Queen Elizabeth having earned HER vast fortune. She was born to it, and you have to be prepared to accept on faith — the way her British subjects do — that she deserves it.

Elizabeth got a nine-hundred-thousand-dollar raise this year, you will be glad to hear. She had been scrimping along on only some $ 2.6 million annually tax free, not counting the hundred and sixty-five thousand or so thrown in for her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh — plus revenues of her Privy Purse; income from her personal holdings; and goods and services provided gratis by the government, such as the royal yacht, the Queen's Flight, and free train tickets.

The Queen's freedom to enjoy royal property is not unrestricted, of course. I mean, I suppose she can fiddle as much as she likes with the Crown Jewels — the Star of Africa, the Confessor's sapphire, Victoria's ring — but I think it would be ill received if she were to undertake to sell them to Harry Winston. She has a nice little private jewellery collection of her own, however, estimated at between $ 2 million and $ 150 million (which shows how accurate estimates are in this area). She also owns race horses which she could really sell and which sometimes win money racing.

Jumbling together the various categories of palaces — some in the government's control, others owned by her privately — Elizabeth has no fewer than five different residences (requiring a household staff of four hundred and sixty-three, including one hundred and twenty cleaning women) — Buckingham Palace in London, the two-hundred-room town house where they change the guard; Windsor Castle nearby, her weekend retreat as it were; Balmoral, a huge Victorian castle in Scotland, where the Queen stalks deer; Sandringham, where she spends Christmas; and Holyrood House in Edinburgh, which used to be home base of Mary Queen of Scots. (Elizabeth is a style of life that is not, need I point out, to everyone's taste — least of all to Lord Snowdon's. Otherwise known as Tony Armstrong-Jones, the Queen's brother-in-law, I know for a fact, is decidedly not at home among all that royal flush.)

Concluded

YOGEETA BALI : MY MISTAKES

Continued from page 25

for all practical purposes, both of us were making our debut in films with 'Parde Ke Peechey', and the film clicked and launched our careers."

Yogeeta's ambition is to work in art films for people like Mrinal Sen ("I was simple floored by his 'Mrigaya'") and M. S. Sathyu. "The kind of roles I get today aren't even half as meaty as the ones which I used to get in the past when my co-stars were Kiran and Anil. Money isn't my only criterion when a good role is offered, but that doesn't mean that I will work for free if a big director is offering a role to me. A magazine recently stated that Raj Kapoor had signed me on for his film which is being directed by Rahul Rawail only because I had offered to work for free. It hurt me. Why should magazines concoct things like this?"

Though producers keep on pestering her to accept Punjabi films, Yogeeta is adamant about not accepting them. "I do not want to take up regional films. I do not want to get stuck in regional films like Kiran Kumar is today with Gujarati films. I do not want people to start saying that I have taken to Punjabi films because I failed in Bombay with Hindi films."

However, Yogeeta is doing a bilingual called "Sabotage" in Hindi and Bengali opposite Mithun Chakravorty. "I accepted the film only because, it is a bilingual. I had earlier refused even a film with Uttam Kumar in Bengali even though the offer had come to me from a big director there because I do not have the time to shuttle between Calcutta and Bombay when I have so many assignments to attend to in Bombay."

Yogeeta is interested in taking up only emotional and simple roles like the one she is doing in Shakti Samanta's "Khwab" with Mithun and Ranjeeta.

Yogeeta had worked in the very first film that Gulzar directed. The film was "Mere Apne". However, Gulzar hasn't repeated Yogeeta in any of his later films. "I agreed to do 'Mere Apne' even though I had practically no role in it only because producer N.C. Sippy had earlier made 'Parwana' with me as the heroine and hence I couldn't say no to him. Actually Jaya had been signed to play the role which I did eventually, and Gulzar was keen on Jaya doing the role, but she had stopped accepting films after her marriage."

Before our interview ended Yogeeta launched on a tirade against gossip in the press. "The other day a female reporter barged into my house without any appointment and as I myself had opened the door, I couldn't escape from her. She asked me whether I was having an affair with Mithun. When I denied any involvement with Mithun of all people, she told me that she was doing a feature titled 'Is Mithun Ditching Ranjeeta for Yogeeta?' I suppose just because the names rhymed with one another. Why can't the press keep out of our personal lives?"

I reminded Yogeeta that it was she herself who had rung up journalists and told them about her split with Kishore after their break-up and managed to get a a big build-up as the poor innocent woman taken for a ride by Kishore Kumar. Surprisingly, she agreed and said, "Though Kishore could have given any statements against me he kept quiet, but like a fool, I went on issuing statement after statement about him, prodded by my folks at home. That's the reason why even today I do not hate Kishore Kumar though we have split."

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THE DEATH PENALTY

Continued from page 13

Finally, it is a moral and ethical question: Has the State any more right to negate the "right to life" as guaranteed in Article 3 of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights than the perpetrator? When so many of our concepts have undergone change, is it not time to consider capital punishment outmoded? Instead of the philosophy of retaliation "a tooth for a tooth and an eye for an eye" — a more rational approach should be taken. Let us remember, "Every saint has a past. every sinner a future".

All this is not to say that the citizen is not to be protected. A criminal must not be allowed to become a threat to society. The Canadian Prime Minister, Mr. Peirre Trudeau, when speaking in the Canadian Parliament on the Bill to abolish capital punishment: asked : "Are we as a society so lacking in respect for ourselves, so lacking in hope for human betterment, so socially bankrupt that we are ready to accept state vengeance as our penal philosophy?"

New ways are being tried to bring about the rehabilitation and reintegration of murderers and other hardened criminals. The open jails in U.P. and the Chambal Valley have shown that reform is possible. Here, of course, one has to add that much more needs to be done in the prisons and in the ways of its officials to bring about conditions which would encourage a change in the hearts and minds of those incarcerated. There is a growing belief that the systematic creation of fear in dealing with criminals has converted more of them into habitual and hardened criminals. Modern scientific penology has moved towards more humane treatment of offenders. Dostoveysky pleads for it, too: "Humane treatment may raise up one in whom the divine image has long been obscured. It is with the unfortunate, above all, that humane conduct is necessary."

Criminals should pay for their transgressions by serving time in prison — those who have been in prison consider being imprisoned a far worse punishment than death. Then they must also be given the opportunity to atone for their misdeeds. This they do when they become useful members of their community again. The small number of incorrigibles who remain unrepentant and hostile would have to be kept in jails for the remainder of their normal life.

It would seem that emotions govern retention of the death penalty while reason favours its abolition. The main task is to convince public opinion that capital punishment is ineffective as a force in checking crimes and is generally an act of vengeance, pure and simple. It is sad that in a country like India which has had many apostles of non-violence, like the Buddha and Mahatma Gandhi, the death penalty is still retained. It is time that a concentrated effort is made to end it. Then we can envision former. U. S. Attorney-General Ramsey Clark's dream where "worldwide acceptance of the commandment, Government 'shall not kill' will be a major milestone in the long road from barbarism."

FRANKLY SPEAKING

Devi

"AMARDEEP"—AND AFTER

Raakhee has gone so fat in "Jurmana" that from chin to bust to stomach to hips she looks one "dhobi ka gathadi." Yet she has an allure about her, about her eyes, the voluptuous mouth; even if she stands aloof in a corner of the screen, she has the hypnotic quality of a quiet, lonesome pond. The paan chewing Farida Jalal in "Jurmana" is fatter, but she gives the best performance. In contrast, Shabana Azmi in "Amardeep" is a pathetic sight. A bag of bones with her teeth out, she attempts to dance and ends up looking like a hounded vulture.

At the meet-the-press party hosted by Ram Chhabra and the unit of "Amardeep" at Shalimar hotel, the latest medu vada from the South, some Deepa (she was Unni Mary till the release of the film) hovered around Rajesh Khanna, saying, "Do not forget your sister, etc." (she has acted as his kid sister inthe film) and Rajesh reciprocated the gesture by a "How can I?" twitch of the eyes.

At "Dhanwan" shooting Gauri Khurana, threw the same "bhaiya" dialogue at Rajesh. Of course, like screen mothers Nirupa Roy and Kamini Kaushal, who reveal only one pointed, brassiered breast and pout while dealing with their screen sons, these sisters reveal both and heave while doing so. Deepa is fat but she at least looked fresh as compared to Bindu and Shabana sitting on either side, and Dimple who came in later could not improve the stale haggered visual.

When everything was O.K. like all the females and Vinod Mehra throwing a hello etc. at me, something had to go wrong. Ali Raza came and informed me that Rajesh is annoyed because I said the film with Rajesh was dabba. I had said nothing of this sort. I had not met anyone between the press show and the party except for publicist Razdan with whom we all in our den discussed the film — mainly the director and dialogue (that is the department I am interested in and the possibilities at the box-office).

But Razdan had done the needful and carried the bag of all the mixed reports as my report.

* * *

Rajesh always forgets his charm packet and musk where I am concerned. So he ignored me, he hugged everyone (including wife Dimple) and winked at everyone (including the head waiter Rao) after which he took editors who he thought were my rivals turn by turn to a corner for exclusive talks, and I took this opportunity to flatter his ego, feigned jealousy, and walked out from the tense scene into a night young and inviting.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

BOMBAY

A group of interested persons and social workers have started the Sulabha School Training and Rehabilitation Centre for mentally retarded children, in answer to a long felt need in the suburbs. The School aims to help families with mentally handicapped children and also to create in the child a feeling of achievement by giving him an opportunity to work with similar children.

Sulabha is located at Sarvodaya Swasthya Sadan, near Sarvodaya Hospital, Lal Bahadur Shastri Marg, Ghatkopar. Those interested may contact the authorities between 12 p.m. and 3 p.m. on weekdays.

* * *

Anu Ganju is holding an exhibition-cum-sale of her collages in aluminium foil and felt paper at the Aakar Art Gallery, on June 7 and 8. This is her first solo exhibition. She participated in the International Women's Exhibition and in a group exhibition in Delhi. An architect, Mrs. Ganju has practised in Chandigarh, Delhi and Switzerland.

DELHI

The Oriental Painting Group presented a charming collection of Sumi-E brush paintings at the Ashoka Hotel. The paintings were essentially representative of nature. The art of Sumi-E uses black ink on pure white paper in bold or gentle strokes.

Mr. H. M. Patel, Union Home Minister, inaugurated the exhibition in the presence of art lovers of Delhi.

CALCUTTA

The work of six brilliant graphic artists of Berlin, calling themselves the 'Kwarz' group, was on display at the Birla Academy. The exhibits were notable for their sophisticated designs, masterly execution and individual imagery. The exhibition was jointly sponsored by the Max Muller Bhavan and the Birla Academy.

* * *

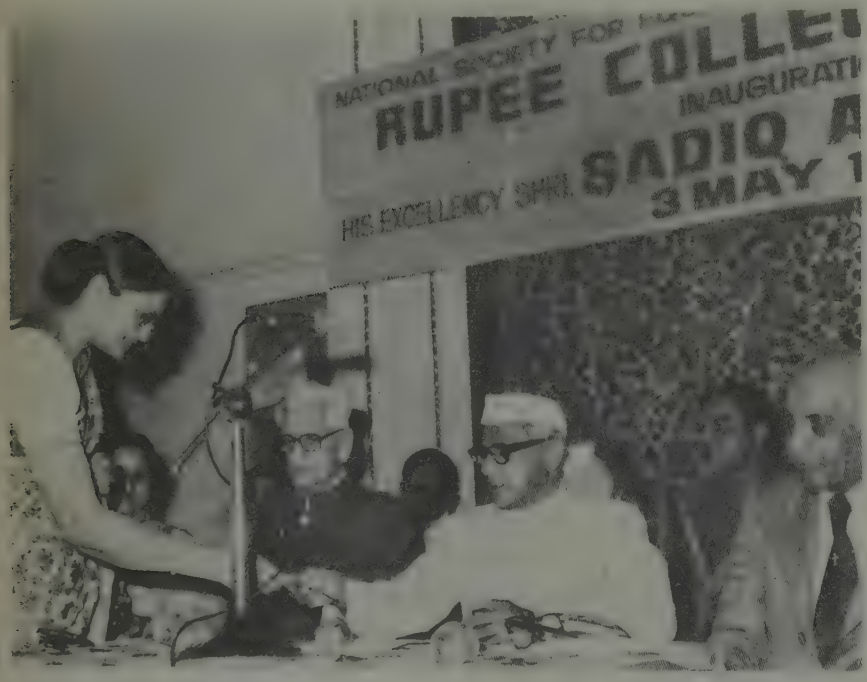
Sruti, an institution of music presented a soiree of the songs of Tagore based on Hindustani ragas. The famous duo, Kanika Banerjee and Asoktaru Banerjee presented the songs with an informative commentary on their themes by Partho Ghosh and Gouri Ghosh.

* * *

The Nehru Children's Museum, very successful in involving large numbers of children in their activities, inaugurated their "Know Calcutta" Quiz Contest as part of their International Year of the Child programme.

The Quiz was held in the La Martiniere Boys School Hall. It will be a weekly feature to include all schools.

Mr. J. Mukherjee, General Manager of Britannia Biscuit Co. presided over the function and Mr. S. J. Scarff, Managing Director of H. H. M. Ltd., who had sponsored the Quiz, spoke on the occasion to the eight schools which had taken part in the Quiz.



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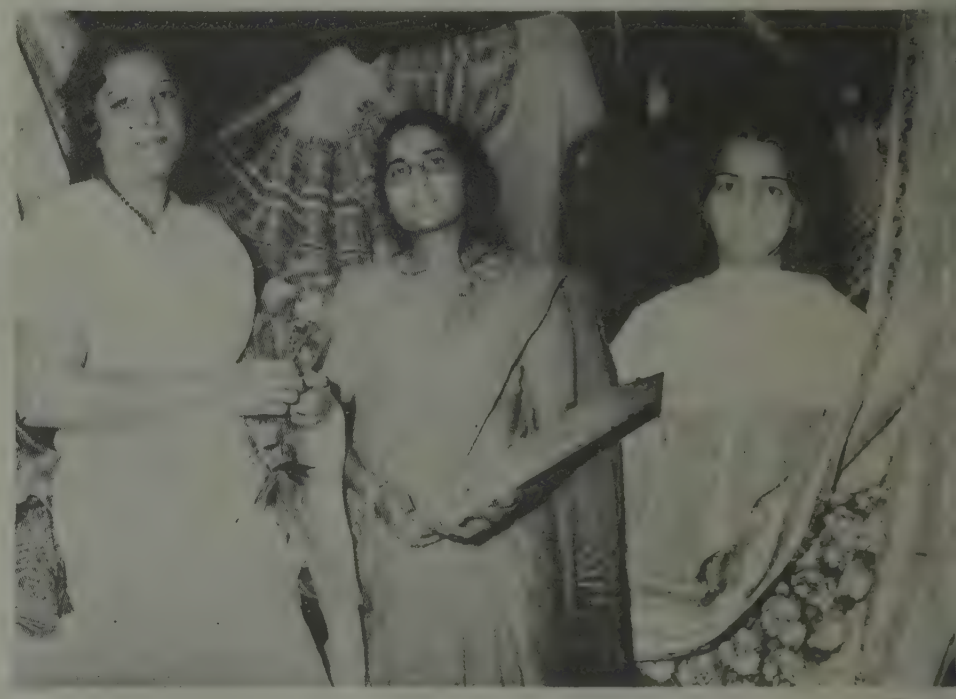

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1. Mrs. Rama Kapadia, vice-chairman, Fund Raising Committee, National Society for Equal Opportunities for the Handicapped, presents rupee-coupons to Mr. Sadiq Ali, Governor of Maharashtra, who inaugurated the Rupee-Collection Drive launched by the NASEOH. Others in the pic. are Mrs. Bakul Patel, vice-chairman, Fund Raising Committee, Mr. F. A. Fazelbhoy, vice-pres., NASEOH, and Mr. Vijay Merchant, president, NASEOH.

3

2. Nargis Dutt seen at the exhibition held in Bombay by 'The Artisans of India' of sarees, salwar-kameez sets and household linen designed by Mita Parekh (centre) and inaugurated by Mrs. Gulshan Ewing, editor, 'Eve's Weekly' and 'Star & Style'. At right is Miss Parekh.

3. Mrs. Kamaladevi Chattopadhyaya inaugurates the Craft Council of West Bengal's exhibition in Calcutta.

SECUNDERABAD

Mrs. Roda Mistry, Minister for Social Welfare and Tourism, Andhra Pradesh, inaugurated the two-day cultural programme organised by the South Central Railway Women's Organisation in aid of its welfare activities. She released the souvenir brought out by the Organisation and presented the first copy to Mr. T. M. Thomas, general manager. Mrs. Sarah Thomas, president, welcomed the gathering and Mrs. Seetha Krishnamurthy, secretary, read out a report on the activities of the Organisation.

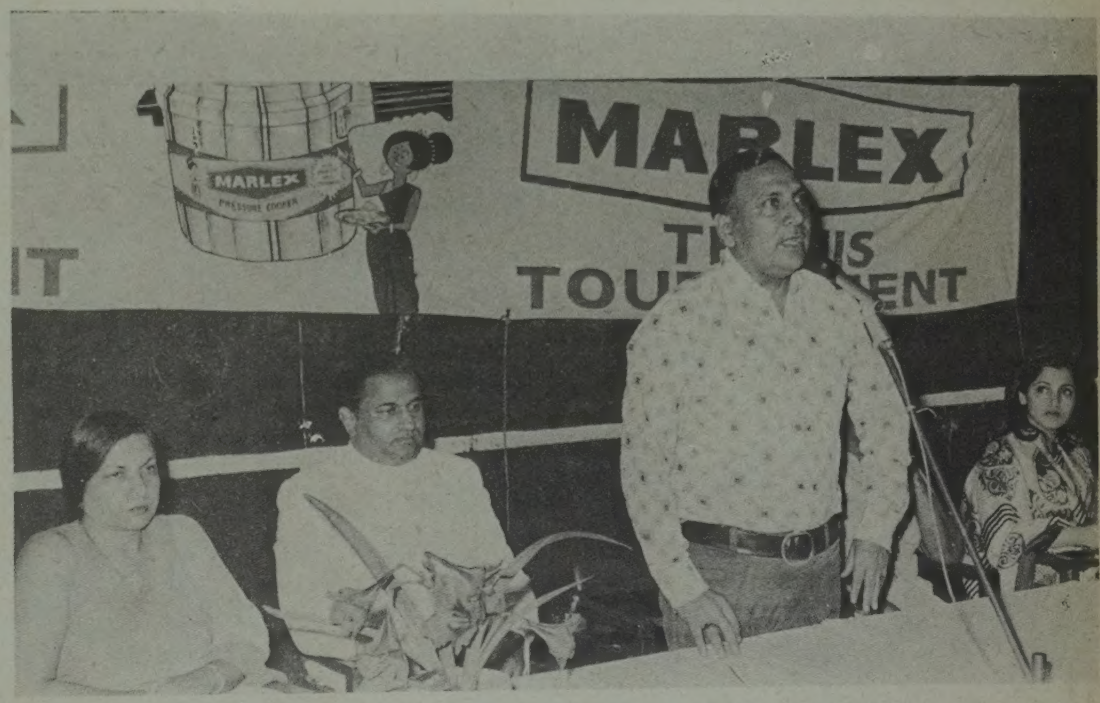
Mrs. Mistry praised the welfare activities of the SCRO. She exhorted them to extend their philanthropy to other needy people besides those connected with the railways.

RAJIKA KIRPALANI YOUNG JOURNALIST AWARD 1979

The trustees of the "Rajika Education Trust" are pleased to remind young journalists about the above award for promotion and encouragement of young Indian writers. The terms and conditions of the Award and other prizes will be as follows :

2. The Award will be open to both male and female journalists of Indian nationality only.
2. Age limit of the contestants will be 27 years.
3. The Award will consist of a prize of Rs. 1000 and a bronze trophy.
4. A number of special prizes shall also be given at the discretion of the judges with a view to encouraging promising young talent.
5. **ONLY NON-FICTION WORK (POETRY TO BE EXCLUDED),** published in Indian or foreign magazines will be considered for the awards.
6. Minimum of five entries (but not more than ten) should be submitted.
7. Period of publication of the entries should be July 1, 1978 to June 15, 1979.
8. **The last date for receiving entries will be June 30, 1979.**
9. Full address with proof of age and nationality along with bio-data is essential.
10. Entries to be addressed to :
    Rajika Education Trust,
    17, Vaswani Mansion,
    120 Dinshaw Vatcha Road,
    Opp. K. C. College,
    Bombay-400 020.
11. Entries will be returned on request.
12. Decision of the judges will be final.
13. Evaluation will be done on the basis of originality, style and content.
14. The awards and special prizes will be given on August 17, 1979 (the birthdate of the late Rajika Kirpalani).

4



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4. Filmstar Zaheeda Hussain inaugurates Nargis Mhatre's exhibition of girls' dresses held in Bombay. Seen with her are from left Mr. Aziz Wasaiwala, Nargis Mhatre, Mrs. Yasmin Khambatta and Mrs. Wasaiwala.

5. Mr. Ram Batra, Sheriff of Bombay speaks at the Marlex Juniors Singles Tennis Tournament sponsored by the makers of Marlex Pressure Cookers and the Maharashtra State Lawn Tennis Association in Bombay. Seated from left are, Mrs. Ram Batra, Dr. M. Ishaq Jamkhanawala, State Minister for Labour, Protocol and Housing, who was the chief guest, and Mrs. Dimple Khanna.

6. Mr. H. M. Patel, Union Home Minister, inaugurated Uma Rao and Devika Trivedi's exhibition of Sumi-E paintings held in Delhi.

6

THIS WEEK FOR YOU

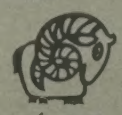
FOR THE WEEK JUNE 3 — 10 1979

John Naylor

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

New opportunities in several directions — some challenges too. You must rise to these, weigh up factors more carefully than is usual with you, but keep confidence in yourself and your plans. Health shows an uptrend and your sex-appeal will be potent, bringing several happy flirtations, and one special link, probably around your 1980 birthday. Your adaptability will bring dividends this year. A sudden opportunity, should it arise, will require speedy action as well as spur-of-the-moment decision. In the near future you will make extra cash and improve your general set-up, but don't rest on your laurels; in the main, the whole year shows many advantages.

ARIES



(Mar. 22 — Apr. 20)

You have a lucky touch, financially, at present, so don't be afraid to spend on a minor luxury, either personal or for the home. There could be an unexpected reward for a kindness done in the past.

TAURUS

(Apr. 21 — May 21)

The scene is set for fun and flirtation with both Mars and Venus in your sign, and your enthusiasm is high! There will be plenty of happy social distractions, but be on the ball with business matters.

GEMINI

(May 22 — June 21)

You are now in your most progressive period of 1979, the remainder of the year looks promising. What you decide and do will strongly affect your future, but the stars are smiling on you, your intuition will guide you.

CANCER

(June 22 — July 23)

Put the accent on friendly contacts, adjust your approach to the influential people in your circle and cultivate their interest. At present, you will be taken at your own valuation, so make it a high one! As the week ends, Mercury moves into Cancer — the first of a series of helpful planetary transits for you.

LEO

(July 24 — Aug. 23)

Your starry pattern helps both your fortunes and your personal life. If anything was denied you early in 1979 this can now be achieved. Mid-week meetings are important, could set you on a light-hearted trail which also proves profitable. It is important between now and September to make the most of friendly contacts.

VIRGO

(Aug. 24 — Sept. 23)

A lively week which could contain the news you have been awaiting. However, it is a time to read between the lines, for it might be what is **not** said that is most important! The trend, generally, is upwards for you now, although long-standing domestic problems probably won't clear just yet.

LIBRA

(Sept. 24 — Oct. 23)

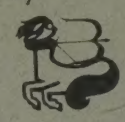
Get your ideas into shape; they can succeed now. Extra money could be for something you worked hard at recently, but your fortunes are rising anyway. A favourable accent on travel and, if you get around, luck will come your way.

SCORPIO

(Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

Aggresive people and conditions will be keeping you on the go, and you might feel that nothing much is being accomplished. This is not so, as you will see later. Current difficulties are only temporary.

SAGITTARIUS



(Nov. 23 — Dec. 22)

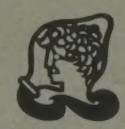
If you accept that life will be fairly problematical for a few weeks, minor irritations won't get on top of you. Try not to take on extra tasks and responsibities — or the burdens of friends who can cope for themselves.

CAPRICORN

(Dec. 23 — Jan. 20)

A relative will be generous to you, and your friends too. A rather lucky week on the whole, with a special accent on romance and the social scene. Sudden changes will work in your favour.

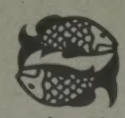
AQUARIUS



(Jan. 21 —Feb. 19)

The next few weeks put the accent on romance and the fun scene with your popularity high. There will be extra money too, but try to keep some in reserve. You might need to raise capital for a special venture soon.

PISCES



(Feb. 20 — Mar. 21)

If you have not moved house recently, the indications are that you will do so shortly. If this is in your mind, get busy this week and set wheels in motion. Minor changes, too, are favoured; also correspondence, applications and inquiries. Fresh scenes, incentives and ideas will be fortunate for you. If you missed out on romance recently, new chances soon.

Getting to a party late is like trying to get on a merry-go-round after it has started.

Dan Bennett

The life of the party is often the death of conversation.

Esther Brooke

At a dinner party we should eat wisely but not too well, and talk well but not too wisely.

W. Somerset Maugham

The best number for a dinner party is two — myself and a damn good head waiter.

Nubar Gulbenkian

A cocktail party is a place where they cut sandwiches and friends into little pieces.

Chuck Norman

THE THINGS THEY SAY ABOUT PARTIES

Nothing makes you more tolerant of a neighbour's noisy party than being there yourself.

Frank Jonas

Going to a party with your wife is like going fishing with the river-keeper.

Alick Arthur

One party that always ends up in the kitchen is the hostess.

Mary Burden

I think of heaven as a place where I can meet the people to finish the conversations that were interrupted at cocktail parties.

William Laurence

Though it is crowded, there always seems to be room at a party for one bore.

Cedric Adams

Give parties not only to entertain your old friends but to make new ones.

Sherman Billingsley

A man can often tell what kind of a time he had at a party by the look on his wife's face.

Paul Gallico

Comic relief: when the life of the party goes home.

Anonymous

Compiled by David Gunston

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REGD. NO. MH BY SOUTH-75

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Gluco

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